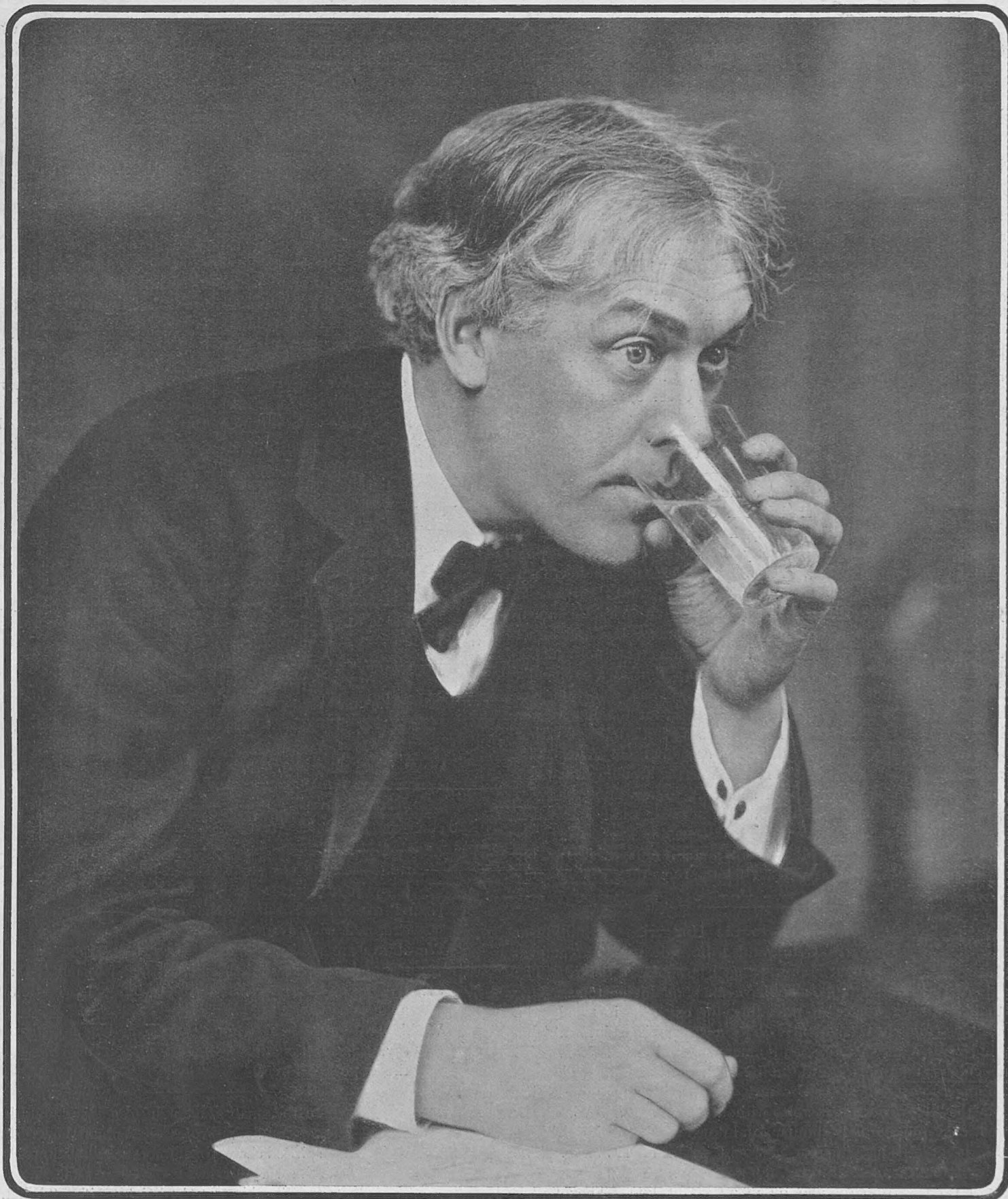


The Sketch

No. 800.—Vol. LXII.

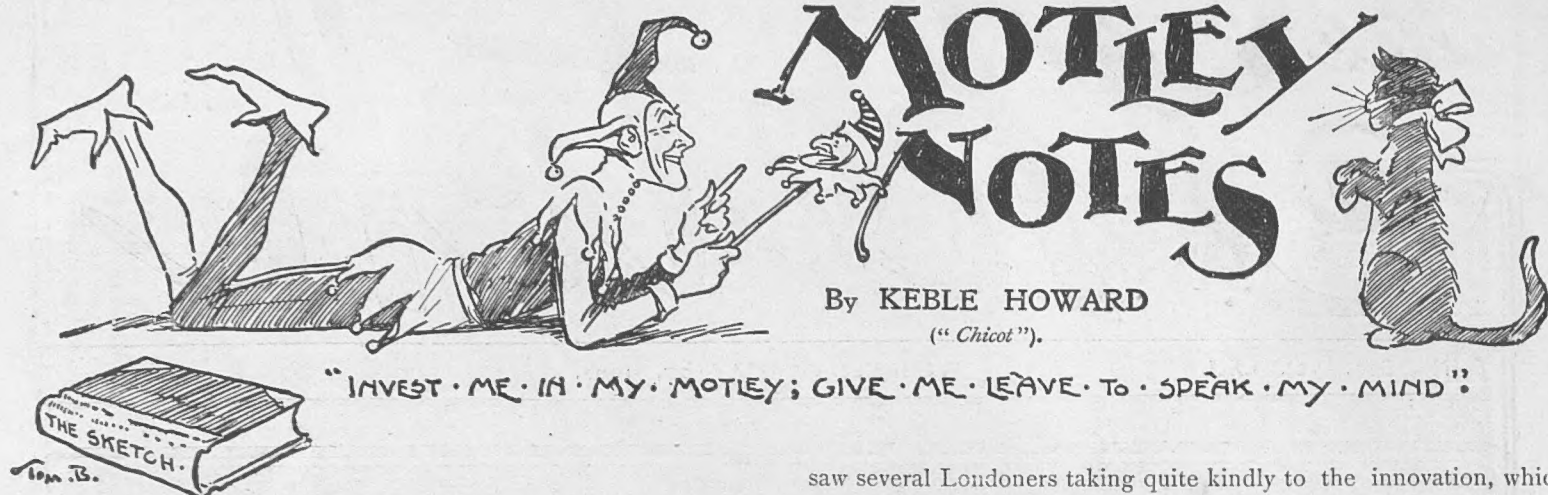
WEDNESDAY, MAY 27, 1908.

SIXPENCE.



TERRIBLE RESULT OF A FAMILY COUNCIL: THADDEUS MORTIMORE (MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER)
TAKES TO DRINK.

Mr. George Alexander's Thaddeus Mortimore is generally recognised as one of the most interesting features of "The Thunderbolt," the new Pinero play that is being given at the St. James's. Our photograph shows Thaddeus Mortimore while he is making confession that he destroyed a will made by his brother. It may be added that the drink to which Thaddeus "takes" is water.—[Photograph by the Illustrations Bureau.]



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

The Life Ethereal.

A week or two ago I was asked by the Editor of a popular paper what I would do with a wish if I had one? Being essentially of the earth earthy, I made some earthy reply. I did not know at that time, you see, that it was the dearest wish of my heart to be a dancer. But I know now, for I have been reading the interview in the *Pall Mall Magazine* with Miss Maud Allan. The following extract will serve to give you some slight sense of the gulf that yawns between the rage of the hour and the obscure for all time—"Presently she came in, and her arms were full of wild daffodils." In passing, I should like you to tell me how many people have the courage to walk about London with their arms full of wild daffodils. I freely confess that I have never walked about London with so much as one daffodil. Oh to be a dancer and the rage of the hour! To continue. Said Miss Allan to the interviewer—"People are always asking me who taught me to dance. I wonder if they ever saw these growing, with the morning sunlight on them when a spring wind blows." Miss Allan, you will observe, is no ordinary conversationalist. Her talk actually scans—

The morning sunlight on them
When a spring wind blows.

A Credit to the Calling.

The interviewer, luckily, was equal to the occasion. Had I been conducting the interview I should probably have said, "Oh, no!" or "I wonder!" or "They're awfully pretty, aren't they?" or something equally dull and conventional. Miss Maud Allan's interviewer, I am delighted to note, rose to the occasion. In this way: "There is only one kind of teacher, as you know full well—an energetic human being, who has taken a 'thorough course' in something, and holds certificates and diplomas setting forth his attainments in polysyllabic periods." An interviewer who can talk like that at a moment's notice gives the whole business a lift. Miss Allan, evidently, was rather staggered by the eloquence of her visitor, for the interviewer adds modestly: "And for a moment or two we both fell into rather sober thought." I am sure they did. I can see them at it. The marvel to me is that they should have taken the trouble to say any more at all. It would have been sufficient, to my mind, had the interviewer wound a couple of daffodils in her hair, while Miss Allan floated round and round the room without touching the floor. However, even etherealists must fill a certain amount of space. Let me commend you to the *Pall Mall* itself for the remainder of the idyllic meeting.

Hungarians at Home.

I have been to the Hungarian Exhibition at Earl's Court, and I have learned a great deal about Hungary that I never knew before. The people of this interesting country have many quaint customs. One of their favourite modes of travelling, for example, is to sit in a small boat and rush suddenly down a steep place into a lake, landing with a good bump and much screaming. This practice lends colour and animation to the life of the nation. They also like to be made to cake-walk in eccentric fashion by a machine which boasts that it provides "exercise without exertion," and when they are not cake-walking they climb up and down moving stairs. Riding, again, is greatly encouraged, it would seem, in Hungary. The people of that country, however, do not ride on real horses, as we do, nor do they ride on and on in a straight line. They find it more economical and more sociable to sit on wooden horses and ride round and round in a circle. All this is very interesting. In order to derive the fullest benefit from the ride, the horses are so arranged that they move up and down as they go round, in imitation of a real horse galloping. Very ingenious and health-giving. I

saw several Londoners taking quite kindly to the innovation, which proves once again that blood is thicker than water—or something to that effect.

The Hydra-Handed Conductor.

I have also been to the Naval and Military Tournament at Olympia. Here I had the pleasure of seeing Dr. Mackenzie Rogan conduct about twelve bands all at once. Some men—myself, for example—cannot conduct one band. I believe that Mackenzie Rogan would be perfectly easy and comfortable if you put him at the top of a high tower and told him to conduct all the bands in the world. At the Tournament they did everything they could to confuse him. They made him wear a busby nearly three feet high, hoping, no doubt, that the weight would break his neck. Little they knew their man. Then they marched the bands in, some from one end of the arena, some from the other. Rogan stood on a little red platform and received them all with a pleasant bow and a wave of the hand. Suddenly, doubtless to take him by surprise, all the bands began to play at once. Was he baffled? Not a whit! On the contrary, he led them through the most intricate mazes, balancing the busby, mind you, the whole time. The last trick they played seemed to me, a mere onlooker, rather mean. They switched off all the lights, leaving the poor man to conduct in the dark. But he did it, bless you, and, when the lights went up again, there he was, triumphantly herding the bands back to their lairs. A night of splendid memories.

The Diffident Patriot.

The Rev. T. H. Jones, I see, has been complaining that "Rule, Britannia!" and "Hearts of Oak" are "typical British songs that are not conspicuous for their modesty." The Rev. T. H. Jones, presumably, is of opinion that a patriotic song should be distinguished by its note of diffidence. I suppose he would like us to sing something of this sort—

"Rule, if nobody objects, Britannia:

Britannia, for the moment, and chiefly because there is nobody else who cares about taking on the job, rules the waves.

Britons may be—one hopes not, but, at the same time, it is necessary to look the fact in the face—may be, may be, may be slaves."

And he would doubtless revise "Hearts of Oak" in a similar manner—

"Hearts of oak are our ships (that is to say, they are made of fairly good wood):

Hearts of oak are our men (or, in other words, they are endowed with average courage):

We always are ready (at any rate, we can scrape a bit of a fleet together in something less than two months):

Steady, boys, steady (Mr. Jones would leave this line unaltered.):

We'll fight and we'll conquer again and again (that is to say, time and again. All depends on the efficiency of the opposing force.)"

The Provident Doctor.

In the small space left to me, I should like to congratulate Professor William Osler on his spirited championship of the medical profession. The Professor thinks the world of doctors. To be exact, he thinks two worlds of doctors. Speaking at Cardiff, he said: "When the time to go to Heaven comes, those who get there will see that there is not a place there higher in the ranks than that occupied by medical men." On the same principle, I suppose, as that fostered by cautious playgoers, who send messenger-boys to keep places for them in the queue.

"GEORGE BUMBLE SHAW": MR. G. B. S. AS A CHARACTER
IN ONE OF HIS OWN PLAYS.



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW AS JOSEPH WOLLASTON, BEADLE TO THE BOROUGH COUNCIL, AND
MISS FANNY BROUGH AS MRS. GEORGE COLLINS IN "GETTING MARRIED."

"TAKE AWAY THAT BAUBLE, JOSEPH."

When "Getting Married" was photographed Mr. Albert Sims, who plays Joseph Wollaston, the Beadle, was unable to attend, and thus it came about that Mr. Bernard Shaw took the actor's place for that occasion only, that the groups might be complete. "Getting Married" goes into the evening bill at the Haymarket on Monday, June 1st. Further illustrations of the play will appear in our next issue.—[Photograph by Ellis and Walery.]

OWNER OF "A STYLE O' HER AIN": THE NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION,
THE RUNNER-UP, AND A PLAYER IN THE SEMI-FINAL.



1. MISS C. LEITCH, THE REMARKABLE YOUNG PLAYER WHO WAS SEEN
IN THE SEMI-FINALS.

2. MISS MAUD TITTERTON, OF THE ROYAL MUSSELBURGH CLUB,
THE NEW LADY GOLF CHAMPION, PUTTING.

3. MISS DOROTHY CAMPBELL, OF THE ROYAL MUSSELBURGH CLUB,
RUNNER-UP FOR THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

4. A BAD LIE ON THE LINE: MISS TITTERTON, THE NEW LADY GOLF
CHAMPION, PLAYING A REMARKABLE CLEARING SHOT IN THE FINAL.

Miss Maud Titterton, of the Royal Musselburgh Club, the new lady golf champion, has played a number of times in the Ladies' Championship and in International matches. She was born at Bournemouth, but has lived at Portobello for a long time, and there she learned her golf. According to Bob Ferguson, she does not follow accepted rules very closely, and he has said, "She winna dae what I tell her; she has a style o' her ain." Miss Dorothy Campbell, the runner-up, is exceedingly well known in Scotland, having won the Scottish Ladies' Championship on two occasions.

PRIVATE HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF ASTURIAS.



IN HIS FIRST UNIFORM: THE KING OF SPAIN'S SON AND HEIR AS A SOLDIER IN HIS FATHER'S ARMY.

On the day upon which he entered his second year, the little Prince of Asturias was enrolled in the army as a private in the first company of the 1st Battalion of the No. 1. Infantry Regiment, known as the King's Regiment, and wore his uniform for the first time. In this uniform he is here shown. It will be noted that he has the Order of the Golden Fleece.—[Photograph by Franzen.]

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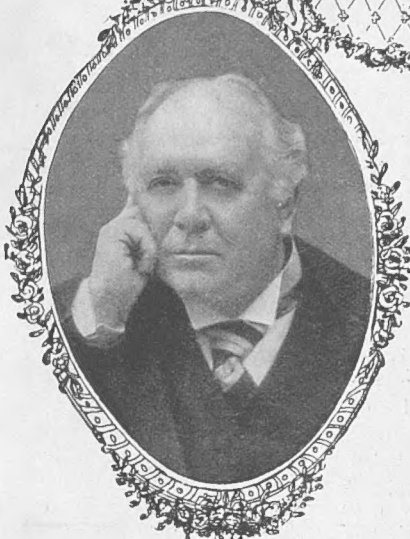
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SMALL TALK



THE MASTER OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE HISTORICAL PAGEANT: MR. GEORGE P. HAWTREY, BROTHER OF MR. CHARLES HAWTREY.

Photograph by Debenham

dent of the French Republic have been so extensive; certainly, nothing like the same amount of work would have been undertaken had it been intended to use the residence only for temporary purposes. In addition to being a crack shot and the best billiard-player in the royal family, his Royal Highness can also claim to be the most perfect German scholar of any of our royalties, for he speaks this language with as much fluency as he does English. Later in the year it is expected that Prince Arthur will join his father's staff in Malta.

The "Coming-Out" of a Princess.

A few days ago Princess Alexandra of Fife reached her seventeenth birthday, and it has been decided that she shall make her first appearance in Society at one of the May Courts next year. The young Princess is very like her mother, and it is feared that she shares something of the Princess Royal's delicacy of constitution. Her favourite recreation is angling, and she is a very expert holder of the rod, and often accompanies the Prince of Wales upon his expeditions along the banks of the Dee when his Royal Highness is at Abergele Castle. Two years ago the

It is generally believed that the betrothal of Prince Arthur of Connaught will be formally announced before the end of the present season, and that is said to be the principal reason for the return to this country of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught. The lady with whom the young Prince's name is coupled is one of the best-known figures in Society—the daughter of a well-known Peer, and still quite young. She is an excellent horsewoman, and it was at a hunting meet that the Prince first met her. When Prince Arthur marries, the King has declared his intention of presenting York House to him, and it is for this reason that the redecoration and refurnishing there for the visit of the Presi-

A Gifted Debutante.

One of the prettiest and most gifted debutantes presented at the first of this season's Courts was Miss Doris Thompson-Hutchinson, the eldest of the three daughters of the well-known publisher. Like so many twentieth-century debutantes, Miss Thompson-Hutchinson is very versatile; she is a noted tennis-player and a keen horsewoman. She has also found time to edit, with her sister, the *Allen Raine Birthday Book*, which has a great vogue among the myriad readers of that popular novelist.

The Master of the Gloucestershire Pageant.

The Gloucestershire Pageant, which will take place at Cheltenham early in July, seems likely to be one of the most brilliant affairs of the kind



PRESENTED AT THE FIRST COURT: MISS DORIS THOMPSON-HUTCHINSON, DAUGHTER OF THE FAMOUS PUBLISHER, MR. G. THOMPSON-HUTCHINSON.

which have yet taken place; and Mr. George P. Hawtrey, on whom its mastership has devolved, is to be heartily congratulated on what promises to be a programme attractive both to the historical student and to the lover of the beautiful. Gloucestershire is a picturesque as well as a sporting county, and it has a long romantic history of its own. What Mr. Hawtrey does not know about Gloucestershire by this time is not worth knowing, and many an old romance and legend will be pressed by him into service with the happiest results.

Best Man at Patti's Wedding. Over sixty years have elapsed since Mr. William Ganz, whose Diamond Jubilee concert is the most interesting musical event of the week, first set foot in London. He was poor and friendless when, with his father, an impoverished son of Mayence, he made his bow in the capital. It was to Jenny Lind that he owed his first



LEARNING WHAT TO DO ON ENTERING THE PRESENCE: A DÉBUTANTE BEING TAUGHT THE ART OF CURTSEYING.

It is by no means an easy matter to perform perfectly the curtsies that are a necessary part of the debutante's appearance at Court. Most debutantes are wise enough to take lessons. Our photograph shows the teaching of curtsying in a school in London.

Prince and his young niece had great rivalry for the capture of a large salmon that both had managed to hook, but never to land. One morning before lunch the Prince set off, determined to have another effort to capture this large fish, and to say nothing to anyone until he had been successful. He had got almost to the river, when he met Princess Alexandra returning in triumph, with an attendant carrying the identical fish behind her. In the royal family the Princess answered to the name "A."

advance. She discovered his talent, and through her influence he was introduced into royal circles, and enjoyed the life-long friendship and encouragement of the late Duchess of Teck. For much of her executive ability in music the Princess of Wales owes thanks to Mr. Ganz. Her mother was devotedly fond of music, and Mr. Ganz was her favourite exponent. Thus the little ones of the family early had a masterly musician upon whose performances to model their style. So long has elapsed since "Sing, birdie, sing" was written that it scarcely seems to belong to our era, but Mr. Ganz composed it. Patti was unswervingly loyal to his compositions, and her singing of them did much to establish their fame. He was best man at her wedding when she married Nicolini, and has been one of her closest friends in this country.



A VERY INCORRECT CURTSEY: THE DÉBUTANTE ALMOST FALLS.



THE CORRECT CURTSEY.



THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"LA LOI DE L'HOMME"—FOUR SHORT PLAYS AT THE KINGSWAY.

ONE of these days we shall see pickets outside the Shaftesbury Theatre, for the London playhouses are groaning over bad business, and yet this establishment, with a rather curious history, intensifies the trouble by giving short season after short season of foreign enterprises which offer formidable competition to native wares. I suppose that the Tariff Reformers would deal with the situation if they had the chance, and, indeed, whilst profoundly



A RIVAL TO MISS MAUD ALLAN: MISS OLGA DESMOND, DANCING IN BERLIN.

Photograph by Skouravnek.

respecting the foreign artists, I am not sure that the odious word "dumping" may not be fairly applicable. The last venture is one of the most formidable. Mme. Bartet has a prodigious reputation in France, and left agreeable memories in London when she played in 1893. Moreover, this leading lady of the Comédie Française, this Chevalier of the Legion of Honour, like the Italian, Duse, has applied to herself as actress the famous maxim, *Optima medicina est medicina non uti*, and knows that if you really have a great position, the best way of beating the big drum is not to beat it at all. Still, the newspapers have managed to say a good deal about her and her secret of eternal youth. The play with which she began her season, "La Loi de l'Homme," by Paul Hervieu, is a strong, able work, which I humbly commend to the Suffragettes, with a warning, however, that most of the injustices to married women concerning which it is written find no counterpart in this country. Consequently, it is impossible to contrast it with "Getting Married," to which some day, no doubt, Mr. Shaw will write a sequel. The French drama is a well-built, skilfully written comedy, quite interesting and effective, even to those not concerned in the grievances ventilated by it. To any of us it matters little that what is evidence against the goose is not evidence against the gander, or that the Code provides that the daughter may not marry without the consent of both parents—but that if there is dissension between father and mother the man has a casting vote. It did, however, matter a great deal to us that the charming Comtesse de Raguais was abominably treated by her husband, and yet had to give way to him upon point after point, and even at the end of the play was compelled to take him back merely upon the condition of his abandoning a lengthy intrigue with a mature matron. There are some really notable scenes in the play, a play so fortunate that nobody can pay it the compliment of adaptation; and Mme. Bartet does full justice to her task.

There were, perhaps, moments when the scoffer at the Conservatoire—or shall we say, at the old school of acting?—noticed in the exits or entrances of Mme. Bartet a little strain of needless artificiality; and yet one may honestly admire the sincerity of the actress. It may be that it is not the sincerity of a Réjane or a Suzanne Després: one can hardly imagine that in the most prodigious moment of grief Mme. Bartet would cry unbecomingly, or put on her hat askew, or in any other way forget to remain fascinating. Yet she represents deep emotion admirably, and there were pocket-handkerchiefs in evidence when poor Laure—how much prettier most English feminine Christian names are than their

French equivalents!—finds that, in the case of her beloved daughter, three weeks' acquaintance with a young man outweighs eighteen years' devotion by a mother; and that the girl determines to marry the young man, even despite Laure's reasonable opposition upon the ground that his mother is still the mistress of her husband. Really Mme. Bartet showed us a superb piece of acting, and well deserves her peculiar position. In other respects the company is stronger in men than in women. M. Baillet is an admirable comedian with a charming light touch, who had not been five minutes on the boards before people were whispering the name of Charles Wyndham. M. Jacques Fenoux acted very ably in the strong scene where he discovers that his wife is, and for a long time has been, the mistress of his intimate friend; and M. Joumard gave an agreeable, quietly humorous performance as the man of the world very anxious to keep out of his neighbour's quarrels.

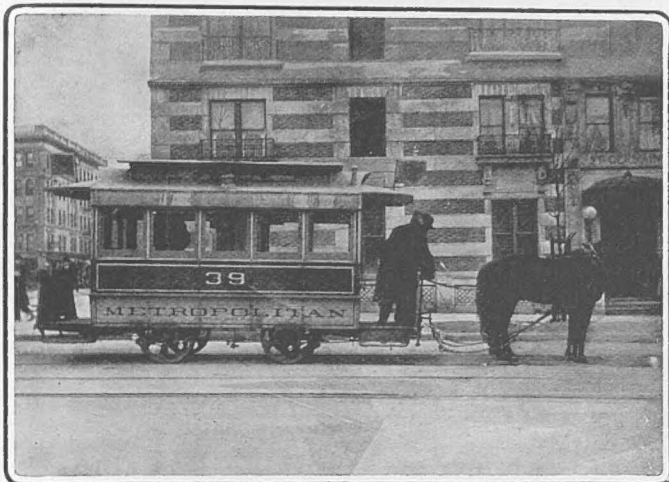
Miss Lena Ashwell has made a most encouraging start at the Kingsway Theatre in her attempt to give encouragement to the art of writing one-act plays. There was considerable merit in "The Latch," by Mrs. W. K. Clifford, and "The Whirligig" by Mrs. Anstruther, whilst "Charlotte on Bigamy," by Judge Parry, and "A Nocturne" by Mr. Anthony P. Wharton, were discoveries of real value. In "The Latch" Mr. Norman McKinnel and Miss Constance Collier played vigorously a melodramatic incident of a humble murderer, his wife and a pistol. In "The Whirligig," Miss Marion Terry brought all her charm and sweetness to bear upon the part of a loving mother who suddenly finds her son has married a woman as old as herself, and whom she dislikes into the bargain, and has to choose the proper course in these startling circumstances. In "Charlotte on Bigamy" there were four admirable characters: a Lancashire girl, her old father, and her two lovers—a solicitor's clerk and a Scotch engine-driver—all well and truly observed, and most excellently played by Miss Gertrude Scott, Mr. Michael Sherbrooke, Mr. Dennis Eadie, and Mr. C. M. Hallard. The story was dependent on a remarkable coincidence, for the engine-driver had a wife who stood in the way of his love for Charlotte, till by accident it was discovered that she was a notorious bigamist who had just been prosecuted by the firm of the solicitor's clerk. This rather far-fetched coincidence, however, did not prevent the play from being a very humorous and delightful piece of work. The event of the afternoon was Miss Haidée Wright's beautiful performance in "A Nocturne." She presented a plain little school-mistress, soured and at war with the world, but cherishing in her heart an ideal man whom she had seen once, but never spoken to. The man appeared, and he praised her beauty, so the world seemed kind; but, alas! it was all a dream. The pity and the tragedy of it were most wonderfully presented. Indeed, for the sake of Miss Haidée Wright alone, these Kingsway matinées should be a great success. Such acting is seldom seen.



THE MERCENARY MOTHER IN "MRS. DOG", MISS MARIE ILLINGTON AS LADY SELLENGER IN MR. SOMERSET MAUGHAM'S COMEDY.

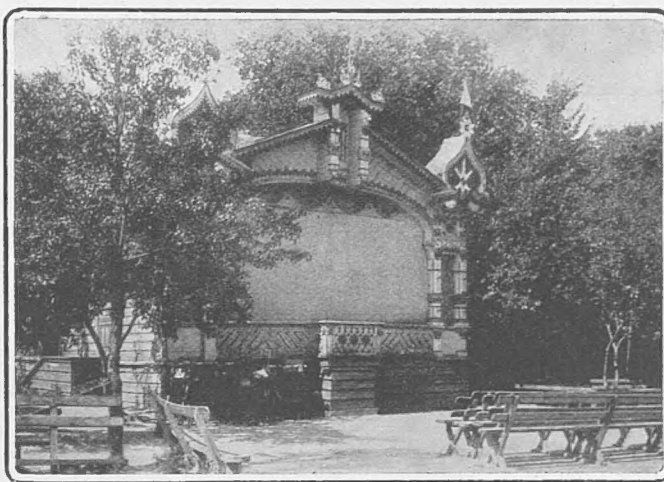
Photograph by the Dover Street Studios.

✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



A TRAM THAT PROTECTS A FRANCHISE: A CAR THAT RUNS 300 YARDS DAILY NEAR AMSTERDAM AVENUE, NEW YORK.

The tram runs in the neighbourhood of Amsterdam Avenue, New York, for a distance of 300 yards. One car only is employed, and it is run that the franchise of the Metropolitan Line may be maintained.



THE THEATRE THAT HAS THE MOST FASTIDIOUS AUDIENCE IN THE WORLD: THE PLAYHOUSE OF THE BUREAUCRATS' CLUB AT POLTAVA.

The little theatre stands in the beautiful gardens of the Bureaucrats' Club, and the audience consists entirely of members of the bureaucracy. It is said that "a play well received by the bureaucrats of Poltava must prove a success anywhere."



FAKE OR FACT? AN EXPERT EQUILIBRIST BALANCING HIMSELF ON A BOTTLE—A PHOTOGRAPH FROM AMERICA.

Photograph by J. A. Voller.



BLACKS IN BUSBIES! THE EXTRAORDINARY WAR-BONNET OF MASAI WARRIORS IN GERMAN EAST AFRICA.



WHY NOT ADOPT THEM HERE FOR THE SUMMER? A CURIOUS FILIGREE HAT WORN IN A BLACK FOREST VILLAGE.



IN EMULATION OF THE LION AND THE LAMB, A FOX AND TWO DOGS AS FRIENDS.

It is well-nigh impossible for the animal-trainer to make the lion lie down with the lamb, but it is within his power to form many other curious and interesting "happy families." A notable example of his enterprise is here illustrated.



MADE BY ARTISTS MENTIONED IN RUSKIN'S "MODERN PAINTERS": REMARKABLE CHESSMEN.

The chessmen were designed, modelled, and made by Richard Martin and his two brothers, and, with the exception of a Wedgwood set, may be said to stand alone. The men are in white and red pottery.—[Photograph by Halftones.]



THE CLUBMAN



IMPERIAL ROME AND LONDON—WOMEN'S RIGHTS AND INDIANS—BABUS, BOOTS, AND BRITISHERS.

DID Imperial Rome, I wonder, show a stranger mixture of men in her streets than London does in this year of grace? Perhaps she did, for the multitude of slaves must have sent a strange mixture of coloured people over her pavements; but I should doubt whether the City of the Seven Hills ever had as picturesque a collection of stranger freemen within her walls as we have to-day. The Nepalese, with their bird-of-paradise plumes, the followers of the Indian Maharajahs, all the Eastern nationalities that have villages at Shepherd's Bush, and the West Africans, are but some of our visitors who wear bright garments. The West Africans we are not likely to see in detail about the streets. Where one goes, all go. If they are asked to any place of entertainment they march there in a body, and come away again in a body, for their officers consider London much too dangerous a jungle to allow the men an opportunity of getting lost in it.

The Indian students, the Japanese, and the Chinese we are so used to now that no Londoner ever turns his head to look at them; but I remember the days when a Chinese Secretary of Legation could not walk down Portland Place in the dress of his nation without an escort of small boys in attendance. I saw last week, just outside the railings of the Temple, a group which seemed to me very typical of our England of to-day. The Suffragists were holding a meeting; earnest little ladies were scurrying about distributing leaflets; big policemen stood at a distance, with that air

present at a meeting of highly educated Babus, mostly clerks in public offices, who had been called together by a Maharajah to hear an address from an Anglo-Saxon lady who hoped to persuade them to return to the simple faiths of their forefathers. Many of the highly educated Hindus have no religion at all. They have been persuaded by Christians that their old faiths are useless and outworn, but they have not found any creed to put in their place. In the great garden, on the coarse grass, the Babus lay about, their garb that strangely cut frock-coat which is the badge of the minor official, and on their feet the native made patent-leather shoes, for the wearing of which there is a curious reason. Every native, from the highest to the lowest, used, as an act of politeness, to take off his shoes when

entering a house. Patent-leather shoes are held to be "Belati," or English shoes, and to carry English customs with the wearing; therefore a Babu, who would not have dreamed of entering an Englishman's house booted with the heeless native slippers, walks into it gaily with his Cawnpore-made patent-leather shoes on his feet.

The lady who came to lecture to the gentlemen on the grass, who were reading British newspapers, conversing in the British language, and otherwise showing how highly civilised and cultivated they were, was grey-haired and dressed as nearly as possible in the robes native women wear in India. She looked a very picturesque figure as she stood in the shade of one of the big trees and spoke. The water-



HATS FOR THOSE WHO FALL ON THEIR HEADS: REMARKABLE PADDED HEAD-GEAR WORN BY RACING CYCLISTS IN BERLIN.

Photograph by G. Haeckel.



THE BULLDOG AS A GERMAN STUDENT.



THE BULLDOG AS AN OLD MAID.



THE BULLDOG AS A CHAUFFEUR.

A DOG AS MEN—AND A WOMAN: A CANINE FREGOLI.

The dog belongs to Mr. Frank Korn, and appears on the variety stage in his quick-change performance.—[Photographs by B. I. Gesellschaft.] (See facing page.)

of aloofness which constables assume at political meetings. With her back against the railings, a grey-haired lady with a black-lace covering on her head held forth on the right of woman to vote, and behind her, on the other side of the railings, was a row of dark, spectacled faces: some of the Indian students had come to hear what the women had to say.

It was a different, but a parallel, scene to one which I once saw in India. There, in a garden outside one of the big cities, I was

wheel creaked, and the water rustled as it rushed down the channels of rough cement, to be sucked up by the thirsty earth. These were the only sounds except the gentle voice which appealed to the Babus to go back to the faiths of the days when great saints walked on the earth, when Buddha sat in contemplation under the sacred tree, and all learned men lived to do good to their ignorant neighbours. Mrs. Despard preaching to the students of the Temple the right of woman to have her part in political life was in piquant contrast to this appeal of the apostle of retrogression.

A DOG OF A CHINAMAN: A REMARKABLE QUICK-CHANGE ARTIST.



A FAMOUS BULLDOG AS A CHINESE MAGISTRATE.

As we note on our "Clubman" page—on which will be found some photographs of the dog in other make-ups—the bulldog is the property of Herr Frank Korn, and is fast achieving fame as a music-hall quick-change artist.

Background by "The Sketch"; photograph of the Dog by the Berliner Illustrations Gesellschaft.

FREE FROM THE CENSOR: PLOTS FROM PARIS.

"LA CONQUÊTE DES FLEURS."

By Gustave Grillet.
Théâtre de l'Athénée.

You must understand that the ladies of creation on the planet Venus are not what you think them. Now, please be careful; the weather's hot and these misunderstandings are so trying. The ladies whom destiny has entrusted to run Venus are flowers. Rosita is the Queen, her sister Lyllis is Prime Ministress, and Girofléa, Picololys, Clématys, Capucina, Bleuetta, Pavéola, Pensée, and the rest of them are gold stalks and silver stalks, and mistress of the petals, and all sorts of other little things like that. In other words, Venus is not an animal but a floral planet. Now, Pavéola and the other flowers of the flock are very charming little floral specimens, but they are not as happy as they might be. It is all very well to have sun, water, and slaves for the perpetuation of the floral race laid on at the meter, as it were, but the flower deities crave for real love. They don't know what it is, you understand, and so they want it very badly. Rosita, being Queen of Venus, wants it worse than anybody on the planet. She has a plaster cast of the goddess in her drawing-room, and the way she pats its plaster knees and begs for a little, tame husband of a somewhat superior quality is truly pathetic. "These male slaves are not for me, their Queen," she says. "I will pay anything in reason, Venus dear, if you can deliver me a superior article immediately. usually have quite a large line dump him down here, Venus, there's a dear, good goddess! Little Rosita wants him."

I don't know whether I have done full justice to the poetic flow of the author's language, but I rather think I have improved on it. In reply to Rosita's prayer, as she was curling herself up round the fringe of a curtain to show the audience how quickly she would fade unless she got her way and was generally cared for, the thunder thundered and the lightning lightened, a motor-horn toot-tooted, and a French air-ship, commanded by Henri de la Belle Jambe, landed on the planet. She (I mean the air-ship, not the planet, although that was to be manned pretty soon, too) was manned by the handsomest men in the French colonising corps. They had heard that Venus needed conquering, and they had come to conquer. They began by taking the army prisoners and by chucking the Amazons under the chin, while the officers paid the same gentle attentions to the chin-petals of the ladies of the floral corps. The

owners of the chin-petals didn't like it at first, and Rosita's thorns got into Henri de la Belle Jambe's fingers quite a little. But the thorniest flower of them all was Lyllis, the Lily. I know this isn't botany, but I suppose it is by way of being human nature. Anyway, what happened was this.

Lyllis began to be more than a little tired of seeing all her fellow-flowers with French right arms round their stalks. Even Girofléa, a most robust and hardy plant, had succumbed to the advances of Major Jolicoeur. And as for Picololys, Clématys, Capucina, Bleuetta and all the other "ettas," and "inas," and "yses" of the planet, the way they let those men rumple their leaves was something shocking. It disgusted Lyllis. She had made her mind up that these men were only a superior kind of bumble-bee, and they annoyed her. But Queen Rosita didn't care a little bit. She and the other flowers were having the times of their lives. Every *chacune* had now found her *chacun*, and the whole planet was one contented buzz, except for Lyllis, who was fast becoming waspish. The real trouble was, of course, that Lyllis had a craving for Rosita's young man, Henri. It was all very well to see the Rose Queen playing honeysuckle to de la Belle Jambe's bee, but Lyllis wanted the beau for her own bonnet, and didn't see why she should not do a little honeymooning on her own. When a young flower-lady

The history-books tell us that you in husbands, so pack one up and feels this way on Venus, she doesn't walk out on the pier while the band plays and scatter smiles upon the summer air. She goes and tells the plaster lady in Rosita's drawing-room about it. And while Lyllis is doing so, Henri de la Belle Jambe strolls in, puts his nose to the back of her neck, inhales her perfume, and tells her that he'd like to wear her in his buttonhole. "But what about Rosita?" Lyllis asks. "Oh!" says the bold, bad Belle Jambe, "Rosita's all right, but I'd like *you* for Sundays." And then there is all kinds of trouble. There is no room in the same man's coat for the rose and for the lily, and, Madame la Lectrice, you would blush to hear the emphasis of rose and lily under the sad circumstances. Henri cuts the Gordian knot. He suddenly remembers that he and his fellow-officers have only got excursion tickets, the lightning lightens, and the thunder rumbles as it did before, and the French air-ship goes off to France again, with all the conquerors aboard, leaving the flower ladies wilting. The audience was wilting, too, by then.

JOHN N. RAPHAEL.



THE ANGLO-AMERICAN INVASION OF THE FRENCH STAGE: MISS MAY DE SOUSA, WHO IS TO APPEAR AT THE THÉÂTRE DES CAPUCINES.

Miss de Sousa is to begin a series of matinées at the Théâtre des Capucines on June 20, with Mr. Max Dearly and Mr. Fred Wright jun. The performances are intended chiefly for the British and American residents in Paris and for visitors. Some short English plays are to be given and some short French plays.

Photograph by Bassano.



APPEARING WITH GREAT SUCCESS IN "L'ALIBI" AT THE ODÉON:

MME. JANE HADING.

Photograph by Reutlinger.

DEVIL-DANCING AND BUSH-FIGHTING IN WEST KENSINGTON:

A BLACK DASH IN THE THIN RED LINE.



1. THE KING, HIS WIVES, AND HIS COURT.

2. THE STRANGELY CLAD BAND AND THEIR CURIOUS INSTRUMENTS.

3. BRINGING A SPY BEFORE THE KING.

4. A WARRIOR CONSULTING A MEDICINE-MAN.

5. IN WAR-DRESS, WITH WHITEWASHED LEGS.

6. AN ATTACK ON A DIFFICULT POSITION.

THE DISPLAY OF THE WEST AFRICAN REGIMENT AT THE MILITARY TOURNAMENT.

The native West African soldiers, who are providing the most curious feature of this year's Royal Naval and Military Tournament, represent one of the most romantic but least known branches of the British forces. The West African Regiment is stationed at Sierra Leone, and is engaged throughout the year in constant warfare with the native tribes in the interior. Note should be made of the straw kilt worn in the display, and of the straw-fringed, pyjama-like trousers of one of the band.

Photographs Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 by Gale and Polden; Nos. 5 and 6 by the Illustrations Bureau.



WIFE OF THE KING'S CHIEF BUTLER:
THE DUCHESS OF NORFOLK.

Photograph by J. White and Son.

a child, and no royal personage has ever been more sure of a cordial and respectful welcome both in Paris and in the provinces than Edward VII. Like his father, the late Prince Consort, our King has a great belief in the humanising and fraternising effects of international exhibitions, and from the first inception of the Franco-British Exhibition, he has taken a very deep interest in everything connected with it.

*Our Premier
Duchess.*

The Duchess of Norfolk is just now much in the thoughts of the Roman Catholics of England, for it is hoped that within the next few weeks the grand old title of Earl of Arundel will have once more a bearer, albeit he but a tiny one to be the holder of so many dignities. Her Grace is the Earl Marshal's second wife, and she is heiress to her father's ancient Barony of Herries. Like her husband, the Duchess is devoted to the old faith, and since her marriage she has been the leading Catholic hostess. Her first child, a little daughter, is now three years old, and rejoices in the historic name of Lady Rachel Howard.

*A Man of
Honoured
Ancestors.*

The daily papers are telling us what Chinese and Japanese visitors are thinking of us and our ways; it would be a great score for one of them could it get the impressions of Sir Robert Hart. He returns now to London for the first time since 1878. After his almost unbroken residence in Peking, what a change he will see in London, which is largely new even to this generation. It is supposed that Sir Robert has made a great fortune in China. He certainly deserves one, for he has been a faithful servant to the Celestial Empire. Unfortunately, his losses over the Boxer outbreak were excessively heavy. When his house was destroyed by the incendiaries he lost everything save his diary. He

THE great part our Sovereign has played in bringing about the Entente Cordiale is thoroughly realised, not only in Paris, but all over France, and his Majesty is, in consequence, immensely popular with Jacques Bonhomme. M. Fallieres' kindly host paid his first visit to LaBelle France when he was

was so reduced at the time that he was beholden, as he told the Imperial Court, to the British Minister for a roof over his head, and even for his "daily rice." Which was hard on a man enjoying the highest honour that China can confer, even to the

ennobling of three generations of his ancestors. But the

diary which he kept, if he chose to publish it, would make him a fortune. In it is recorded some of the strangest secret history that ever it fell to the lot of a Briton abroad to witness and to write.

*A Royal
Chairman.*

Prince Francis of Teck, who has consented to take the chairmanship of the committee of the Royal Automobile Club, is one of the best-looking and most popular of royal bachelors. His Serene Highness is still on the sunny side of forty, and he has already had a brilliant military career, both in Egypt and later in South Africa, where he won the D.S.O. He is generally regarded as the best-looking of the Princess of Wales's three handsome brothers. He is tall and dark, a very good dancer, and a fearless horseman. At one time he had a hunting-box in Ireland, and he has many friends among Irish sportsmen. Of late Prince Francis has gone in keenly for motoring, and his connection with the Automobile Club will certainly do that important body of motorists a great deal of good.

*Almost a Lady
R.A.*

Sir Hubert Herkomer, R.A., who enters this week upon his sixtieth year, may be supposed to feel some interest in the Votes for Women campaign. It was the votes for one woman which involved him in perhaps the most exciting contest of his career. The occasion was an election of Associates of the Royal Academy. Lady Butler had set the artistic world ablaze with her wonderful battle pictures. The then Prince of Wales and the Duke of Cambridge had referred to them in public speeches; Queen Victoria had had them taken off the Academy walls to be privately exhibited to her. The time had come, friends of the brilliant lady thought, for her to be honoured by the Academy. Sir Hubert Herkomer, not then so well known and prosperous, was up for election at the same time. The final ballot gave Sir Hubert 27 votes to Lady Butler's 25.



THE NEW PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL AUTOMOBILE CLUB:

H.S.H. PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.



A NOVEL SUNDIAL ON A HOUSE NEAR DORKING.

The house, which is at Holmwood, near Dorking, was built by Mr. Pethick Lawrence (whose name has been so prominent of late in connection with the movement for women's suffrage) as a home for poor city children.

Photograph by the Advance Company.



THE LADY WHO STOOD AS SOCIALIST CANDIDATE DURING THE RECENT MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS IN PARIS: MLE. JEANNE LALOË.

Mlle. Laloë was the first lady to offer herself for election as a member of the Paris Municipal Council. She was defeated, but received 990 votes—about a quarter of the total number polled.

X EQUALS —: A PROBLEM IN PAINT.



SCIENCE.



NATURE.

"NATURE AND SCIENCE," BY CHARLES W. THURSTON.

EXHIBITED AT THE NEW SALON.

To our readers we leave the solution of the problem so excellently devised by Mr. Thurston. For ourselves, let us say that the picture has aroused very great interest in artistic circles in Paris, not only on account of the idea it presents, but by reason also of the manner in which that idea is conveyed by the canvas. In the French catalogue the title of the picture is given as "Vérité et Erreur."

Reproduced by courtesy of the Artist.



AFTER DINNER

By ERNEST A. BRYANT.

A Word in Season.

They of the household of President Fallières may well tremble to-day. The President visits the City, and the City has such a reputation for hospitality that the least fearful guardians of M. Fallières' digestion may be pardoned a slight perturbation. Some of our Colonial Premiers declared—when the feasting was all ended—that our hospitality rendered them unfit for work, and nearly killed them. Let us spare the esteemed President of a friendly nation! The City trencherman has such a way with him: he will not be said nay. We all remember that king-of-feasters, a redoubtable alderman,

who pooh-poohed the protest of a foreign notability that he really could eat no more. "Pooh, Sir, try a cold chair," said the man to whom no art of the gourmand was unknown. It is not the victim only who may suffer on such occasions as these; fond hearts of others grieve for his plight. Did not the late Queen of the Belgians write privately to Queen Victoria her mother's fear that Louis Philippe, upon his then impending visit to her Britannic Majesty, would—eat too much?

A Boomerang Joke.

No one would accuse Lyon Playfair, one of the merriest, as well as one of the most brilliant, of nineteenth-century stalwarts of having lacked a sense of humour. But it seems as if he did miss the point of one joke, and that his having so missed it does an injustice to the memory of one of his illustrious contemporaries. The story of the woodlouse supposed to have been electrically created through the experiments of Andrew Crosse

will be remembered. Descendants of the scientist-recluse aver that the exhibition of the woodlouse was a joke, intended only for the amusement of Playfair and the stately Liebig. The appearance of insects in the water with which experiments were being conducted was genuine enough, and formed the subject of Crosse's communication to the British Association. But the man who anticipated the telegraph and vegetal cultivation by electricity himself gave a clue to the mystery which he detailed. He saw that the organisms might result from the ovum of atmospheric insects hatched by electric action—or without it. He was not so far from Pasteur's discovery that only from life does life proceed. Which makes it a little hard that his own joke should tell against him with posterity.

The Emigrating Landmark.

The impending journey of Crosby Hall has brought to light strange stories of the vicissitudes of many of our famous landmarks. It is a painful thought that Barnum got our original Traitors' Gate—got it by conceding 150 per cent. profit to the Hebrew of Whitechapel who gave fifteen shillings for the lot when we were "improving" the Tower. America has more of our relics than most of us remember. One there is which we ought not to grudge. The railing which formerly guarded the west front of St. Paul's is there. We can view the loss with the greater equanimity if we remember that the railing was put up in opposition to the wishes of Wren, and was, in the opinion of Dean Milman, who tore it down, "a heavy, clumsy, misplaced fence." But the most consolatory reflection springs from the romance

of the railing's end. It was bought by a man who had gone to America and made a fortune there. He had wooed and won his bride, many a year before, beneath the shadow of the Cathedral. Now that he was wealthy he determined to build it about his house. The ship carrying it to him was wrecked, and his wife died before the ship could be reached. So with that part of the railing which was recovered he surrounded her grave.

Exhibition Figures.

Traffic returns will be interesting during the run of the Franco-British Exhibition. The Great Exhibition results produced some amazing figures, but few people realised what was behind them. Eight railway companies carried, during the six months, nearly three million extra passengers, and receipts showed an increase of over £750,000 for the period. But other lines lost from £400 to £500 a week, because, as they lamented, "nobody is going anywhere but to the Exhibition." Of the eight presumably advantaged, some had queer tales to tell. There was a rate-cutting war between three of the main lines. Yorkshire fares started at fifteen shillings return, dropped to ten shillings, and then to five shillings, and would have gone lower had not some ready underling posted an unofficial notice that, no matter what the rival companies charged, his company would charge sixpence less. This enterprising organisation carried people from Sheffield to town and back at five shillings a head. When they came to analyse things, they found that they had to pay rather more than this sum per passenger for the use of what is now the Great Central line between Sheffield and Retford. They declined further battle, and no man telleth what it cost them to earn their share of the receipts appearing in the aforesaid three-quarters of a million.



A LADY GAS-WORKS MANAGER
MISS INA G. RICHMOND.

Mere man has a new rival in the person of Miss Ina G. Richmond, who has just been appointed manager of the Magherafelt Gasworks, Ireland, and is the first lady to occupy such a position. Miss Richmond first entered the Post Office service, and became an expert in telegraph and postal work. In the beginning of 1895 she gave up the position of chief telegraph and postal clerk in St. George's Cross Post Office, Glasgow, to become housekeeper to her brother, who had been appointed manager of the Dunbar Gasworks. Subsequently she accompanied her brother to Kilkenny, and during the thirteen years he was manager there she took an active interest in all matters pertaining to gas manufacture and distribution. She has a day and night staff, and is responsible for the production of 3,500,000 cubic feet of gas.

Photograph by Lafayette.



THE PARROT AS A MOTHER: A FINE BIRD WITH THE ELEVEN EGGS
SHE HAS LAID DURING THE PAST YEAR.

Photograph by the Illustrations H. reau.

Perrier, Jouez! The Derby Dog Has His Day.



I.—PERRIER, THE DERBY DOG, TAKES UP A POSITION IN THE GUARDS' ENCLOSURE.

DRAWN BY VERNON STOKES AND ALAN WRIGHT.



HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



HOW many actors have refused their first salary, fearing that they had not earned it! It is by no means improbable that Miss Alice Beet, who is acting in "The Thunderbolt," at the St. James's, is among very few, if she is not the only one, to come under that head. Her first engagement was in a stock company, and her parts were given her from day to day. The opening bill was "The Schoolmistress," and as Ermytrude Johnson she acquitted herself very creditably. On leaving the theatre, she was given Rosanna Moore, in "The Hansom Cab," to study for the following evening. It is a trying and rather a long part even for an experienced actress to undertake at a single day's notice. It was the undoing of the novice. She sat up all that night to study the words, and was feeling far from perfect when the curtain rose, discovering her lying on a bed and apparently dying. She had a long speech, ending with a curse, to deliver; but when the hero asked her, "What do you know about Oliver White?" stage-fright and a pair of piercing black eyes combined to make her speechless. In the pause she heard a voice from the side exclaim: "For heaven's sake, die!" So she turned on the owner of the black eyes and, cursing him, gave up the ghost. In her despair Miss Beet thought that her unpreparedness would finish her career; but the part of the hero, whose scene had been somewhat curtailed, was being acted by the manager, and he, naturally, did not take a serious view of a novice "drying up," so he said nothing about it, and cast the young actress for many more parts before she left. Still, she was so ashamed of herself that, when Saturday came, she refused to take her salary, and has often been chaffed about it since. By a curious coincidence, the first member of the company to whom Miss Beet spoke was Mr. Frederick Volpé; and he was also the first to give her any encouragement. Now Miss Beet in private life is Mrs. Frederick Volpé.

The unexpected opportunities which the stage sometimes offers to its votaries was strikingly demonstrated in the case of Miss Edyth Olive, who, as *Sketch* readers are aware, recently went to America to play the leading part in the extraordinarily successful play, "The Great Divide." Her steamer reached the dock at half-past twelve, and she was met by Mr. Rann Kennedy, who told her that his wife, Miss Wynne Matthison, was reading Professor Gilbert Murray's translation of "Electra" in Brooklyn at three o'clock that afternoon, and that he had been sent to

ask Miss Olive to read Clytemnestra, the part in which she had made so great a success at the Court, when the play was done there under the Vedrenne-Barker management. She consented, and as soon as her luggage had been passed by the Custom House officers, she was whirled off to her hotel, changed her travelling dress, put into another cab, and whisked off to Brooklyn, where she met Miss Matthison, and where, it need hardly be said, she made her first success before an American audience, which was exceedingly appreciative and enthusiastic.

Mr. Arthur Scott-Craven, who is playing the palmist in "The Gay Lord Quex" with Sir John Hare, is also known as a writer of verse, one of the leading publishers having produced a poem by him in a decidedly new and original style. When he was in New York a few years ago, acting under Mr. Frohman's ægis, Mascagni, the famous composer, was also in the city and was being fêted everywhere. A large "At Home" was given by a lady of the Mrs. Leo Hunter type, and although she had never met Mr. Scott-Craven, she invited him, for he, too, was being sought after by reason of the success he had made. When he entered the room he was most cordially greeted by his hostess, who, to his astonishment, almost immediately asked him if he would not play something. He hardly realised at the moment that it was the piano he was expected to play, but the lady, taking his answer for granted, led him to the end of the room, and, in spite of his murmured protests, insisted on his taking his seat on the music-stool. She then announced, in a penetrating voice, in which pride was not the least discernible tone, that Signor Mascagni was going to oblige them by playing something, and requested silence, which was granted with a terrifying alacrity, for the actor sitting on the stool. Mr. Scott-Craven made a dash at the piano and played a tremendous chord. Then, without a moment's delay, he

rose from his seat, and turning round, saw Signor Mascagni just entering the room. Mr. Scott-Craven bowed gravely to the audience and walked away. What the hostess's friends thought Mr. Scott-Craven never troubled to inquire; but, to add to the humour of the situation, the real Mascagni played to them a little later. When Mr. Scott-Craven said good-bye to his hostess she discreetly made no reference to her mistake, and, indeed, looked as if she had forgotten all about it.



AN AMATEUR VÉRONIQUE: MISS NANNIE KELHAM, WHO PLAYED THE NAME-PART IN "VÉRONIQUE," AT THE SCALA LAST WEEK.

Miss Kelham devotes much time and considerable ability to playing for London charities. It will be remembered that not very long ago she was seen at the Adelphi as Bianca in "Mirette" (the character in which she is here shown), and last week she played Véronique at the Scala. She has also appeared as La Favorita in "The Circus Girl," in San Toy, and in other parts.

Photograph by Langlier.



PORTIA'S "SCRUBBY BOY" CLERK: MISS DOROTHY MINTO AS NERISSA IN "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Photograph by Rita Martin.

DEDICATED TO THOSE WHO DIG UP THE ROADS IN THE SEASON!



THE CITY MAN: And what do you think of London?

THE MAN FROM KLONDYKE: Why, I thought it was a mining town when I first struck it. Somebody's digging in every street.

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

I HAVE never seen a town so littered with a novel as Manchester. Copies of "Savrola" have overflowed the bookstalls; little heaps of them waylay you in the marble corridors of the hotel, and when you ask for a sole, or soda, or any other meal in S, the waiter takes it for granted that you hunger for literature. In one sense, then, Mr. Winston Churchill conquered Manchester. Or did "Savrola" conquer Mr. Winston Churchill? Frankly, it is an indifferent tale.

The Winston Churchill literature that sticks in the memory is not "Savrola"—it is the series of letters he wrote to the *Morning Post* from South Africa. There were in those letters little dots and dashes of prose worthy of Stevenson himself. It seemed, when Mr. Churchill described his flight along the railway-line, that a heaven-born reporter, rather than a member for Dundee, had escaped the Boers. His words ran with him through the night; there was a scurry of sentences—and Mr. Churchill was free!

In Mr. Philip Gibbs's new Life of the first Duke of Buckingham there is much of that exquisite and heroic woman, his wife. Like John Evelyn's Mrs. Godolphin, she towers, meek head and modest shoulders, above the generality of her kind—or rather, above the kind of woman of whom historians and biographers have most loved to write. Her case calls out for John Evelyn's pen, or John Evelyn's and that of the author of "The Tale of Chloe" in conjunction, for her sweetness and saintliness is dashed with bitter tragedy. To the husband of whose faithlessness she was ignorant she wrote on one occasion—

I am very glad you have the pearls and that you like them so well; and am sure they do help you to win the ladies' hearts. Yourself is a jewel that will win the hearts of all the women in the world: but I am confident it is not in their power to win your heart from a heart that is, was, and ever shall be yours till death. Everybody tells me how happy I am in a husband and how chaste you are . . . and although I was confident of it before they told me, yet it is so many cordials to my heart when they tell me of it. God make me thankful to Him for giving of me you.

A month later, stricken down by a confession he had made to her, she wrote—

Dear heart, I hope you make no doubt of that which has been the cause of my illness, for never creature has felt more grief than I have done since your going. . . . But I hope God has forgiven you.

After the Duchess of Buckingham's (and, apropos, the present Duchess is about to publish a story), let us hark back to another wifely letter, written not long after. Margaret Godolphin, knowing herself to be dying, wrote thus to her husband—

In the first place, my dear, believe me, that of all earthly things you were and are the most dear to me. I beg your pardon for all my

imperfections, which I am sensible were many, but such as I could help, I did endeavour to subdue.

And after directions as to the bestowal of her trinkets and small fortune, and instructions as to the care of her household, she concludes—

I know nothing more I have to desire of you but that you will sometimes think of me with kindness, but never with too much grief. For my Funerall, I desire there may be noe cost bestowed upon it at all—but if I might, I would beg that my body might lye where I have much a mind to goe mysele—at Godolphyn, among your friends. I believe, if I were carried by sea, the expense would not be very great; but I don't insist upon that place, if you think it not reasonable; lay me where you please.

Surely women are good teachers of two arts—of letter-writing and of dying!

The recent death of Cardinal Newman's sister-in-law takes one back through very long lives to the early years of the nineteenth century. There is extant a most extraordinary portrait-group of the two Newmans as young men reading theology to a mother in a turban and two sisters with curls, who are doing fancy-work as they listen; and the strangeness of the dresses, the naïveté of the interior generally, and the character of the drawing would seem to send the scene back to another civilisation, before railways, before telegraphs, especially before the camera. Photography has not done much positively for art; but negatively it did something—it made this kind of drawing of the figure impossible. Cardinal Newman and Professor Newman (whose widow is now deceased) were notoriously not sympathetic brothers as time went on.

Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" has been translated into French by M. Léon Bazalgette. It will be

interesting to see what Corneille's countryman, and Racine's, has made of such a passage as—

Who are they as bats and night-dogs askant in the Capitol?
What a filthy Presidentiad! (O South, your torrid suns! O North, your Arctic freezings!)
Are those really Congressmen? Are those the great Judges? Is that the President?
Then I will sleep awhile yet, for I see that these States sleep, for reasons.

If M. Léon Bazalgette knows how to do it, well and good. But the difficulties of translation should not stand between Europe and so extraordinary a type of Western life and literature. Whitman himself never measured the difficulty, and he wrote, in confidence of universal circulation; the poem "To Foreign Lands"—

I heard that you ask'd for something to prove this puzzle, the New World,
And to define America, her athletic Democracy;
Therefore I send you my poems, that you behold in them what you wanted.

M. E.



[DRAWN BY JOHN POWER.]

DAHN OUR ALLEY!

THE LADY IN THE BONNET: If I'd a fice like yourn, I'd go an' ang myself.

THE LADY IN THE HAT: An' if I'd a fice like you-n, I'd walk backwards for the rest o' me natcheral.

DEATH FROM NATURAL CAUSES.

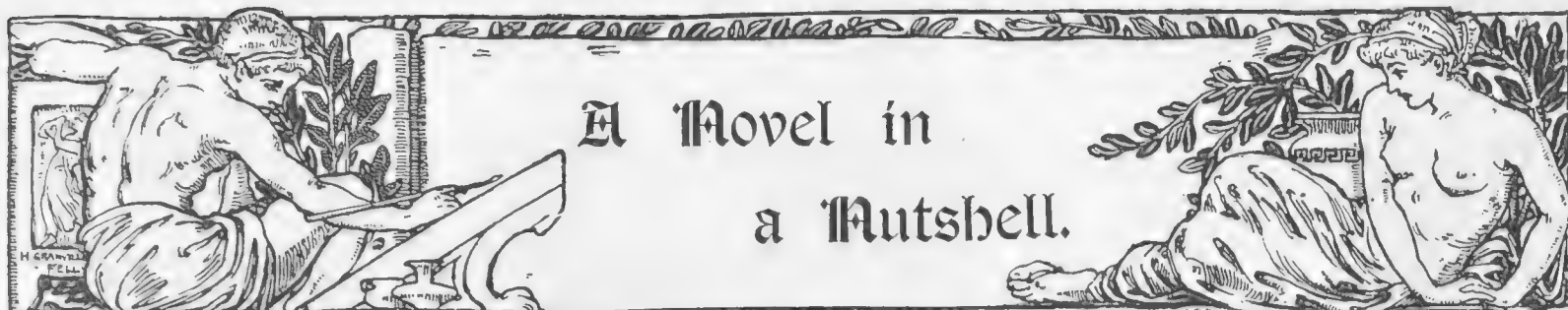


CADDY (*who can contain no longer his disgust at an indifferent display*): And ye say that ye 'hae dane this hole in twa?

GOLFER (*reminiscently*): Ay, I mind it fine. It was a gran' drive—richt oot o' sicht, ye ken. And, man, whan I cam' up—I lay deid on the green!

CADDY (*with deep disdain*): Wi' surprise, nae doot!

DRAWN BY S. BAGHOT DE LA BÈRE.



THE GREGORIAN CHAIR.

BY V. H. FRIEDLAENDER.

WHEN we had unwound the sacking and brown paper, cut several hundred knots, and removed a mile or two of cord, Phyllis and I stood back and looked at our belated wedding-present.

"What is it?" Phyllis wanted to know.

I hesitated. "Wouldn't you call it a sofa?" I hazarded.

"I shouldn't," Phyllis assured me. "It's more like a—a dromedary."

The comparison was reasonable, and I admitted it. It occurred to me that a nearer view might be enlightening; I took a step forward.

The thing was upholstered handsomely enough in dark-green leather, and began like an ordinary sofa with an arm at the right-hand corner. Half-way, however, the back appeared to recollect that its mission in life was to be a chair, and rose precipitately in a hump, only descending just in time to give plausibility to the sofa theory again at the left-hand corner. Moreover, there was a curious depression in the seat two-thirds of the way down it. I laid my finger along it curiously.

"Why, it's a hinge!" I exclaimed. "And—What on earth are you doing, Phyl?"

Phyllis raised a flushed face. "Counting the legs," she said; "there are six, Claude. Who ever heard of a sofa with six legs?"

I felt underneath the seat. "And two of them," I observed, "are just underneath this hinge arrangement."

"Take care!" Phyllis gasped suddenly, and dragged at my arm. I had touched some hidden mechanism, evidently. Before our astonished eyes, the left-hand end of the sofa was determinedly rising. It touched the end of the hump, gave a click, and, behold, the doubtful sofa was a very passable arm-chair. Two of the six legs, however, were now superfluous, and stuck out forlornly at right angles to the arm. I touched them, not without hesitation, and Phyllis gave a hysterical gasp as they subsided noiselessly and neatly into two prepared grooves.

We looked at each other in speechless amazement. Suddenly the explanation flashed across my mind, and I groaned.

"What is it?" Phyllis asked quickly. "Oh, Claude, have you thought? Who sent it, and what does it mean?"

I stared at it with growing hopelessness. "Yes," I said; "I'm afraid it's from Uncle Gregory."

Phyllis's eyes widened apprehensively. "Your Uncle Gregory? But you said—oh, Claude, you said he was sure to give us a cheque for a wedding-present!"

"Well, he didn't, did he?" I reminded her gloomily.

"No-o. But you told me he was rather eccentric, and if it didn't come before we were married it was sure to come after."

"Well, I'm afraid this is it," I said, and went to look more closely at a curious lump on the side of the chair. There was a button near it, and I pressed it. A brass bracket holding an electric reading-lamp shot into position above the chair, and I laughed bitterly. "Oh, yes, this is it," I said.

Phyllis gazed at the reading-lamp, and put out a hand to steady herself. It fell on the arm of the chair. Instantly there appeared below the reading-lamp a small shelf, with a glass fixed into a groove on it. Phyllis recoiled. "This—this is gruesome," she said faintly. "Is it alive?"

"No," I returned with concentrated venom, as I kicked one of its legs and produced a miniature talantus, "it's only Uncle Gregory's idea of comfort—and of a wedding-present." I went on pressing knobs and buttons savagely. When I could see no more

we sat down opposite it and gazed. Besides the lamp, the talantus, and the glass, there was a sloping projection for the feet that ran out from underneath and ended in an adjustable fur foot-warmer; there was an ash-tray, a pipe-rack, a syphon, a book-rest, a paper-knife, opera-glasses, a writing-pad, a newspaper-rack and a "Bradshaw."

"It rivals the Stores," I snapped, "doesn't it?" Phyllis got up and began to circle round the chair with a sort of dazed fascination.

"Here's another button," she observed, from somewhere at the back.

"Press it," I urged, hilariously reckless.

She pressed it, and a scarlet umbrella shot into a vertical position, unfurled itself and completed the picture.

Our eyes met; simultaneously we succumbed to riotous mirth.

"So that you needn't," gasped Phyllis, between paroxysms, "be separated from it—even in—the garden!"

I began to feel more cheerful; Phyllis instantly detected it.

"I'm not laughing," she said hastily; "I'm crying. It's—it's too desperate for words. *This thing* instead of the cheque that was going to furnish the second spare room, or turf the tennis-court, or pay for——"

"Don't!" I implored. "It's too unutterably low of Uncle Gregory. I should never have believed it of him."

"If it were even a decent, useful piece of furniture!" Phyllis went on exasperatedly. "But this freak—this warehouse—this crowning horror of amalgamation!" She wrung her hands.

"Which must have cost pounds and pounds," I lamented.

"Yes, and which ought to qualify its maker for a lunatic asylum! Where *can* he have bought it, Claude?"

I gasped. "Bought it? You—you surely don't think he bought it? Good heavens! you don't suppose there's a shop in the three kingdoms that sells this kind of thing? Why, it's his own work, of course. It's unique—it's—it's pure Gregorian, don't you see?"

Phyllis looked at me resignedly. "Your uncle's a carpenter, Claude?"

"Yes—in his spare time. He's really a sort of mechanical genius, Phyl. You should see some of the things he's got in his own house."

Phyllis's voice trembled scornfully. "The one in ours is more than enough for me."

I got up. "Suppose I'll have to write and thank him for it," I remarked. "He meant well, I'm sure."

Phyllis glared resentfully at the chair. "Tell him," she urged, "that I'm grieved there's no sewing-machine attachment, that I'm cut to the heart at finding no—no pocket gas-stove, that I can't understand there being no mechanical parlourmaid—that I—oh, Claude, tell him I hate him!"

When I returned a few minutes later, it was to find Phyllis hovering excitedly over Uncle Gregory's gift. She had pushed back all the attachments, and made the chair into a sofa again.

"It really looks almost ordinary this way," she threw over her shoulder.

"Ye—es," I consented. "Where shall we put it?"

Phyllis turned round with sparkling eyes. "We'll sell it," she announced. "Oh, Claude, don't look so blank. You don't *want* the thing, do you?"

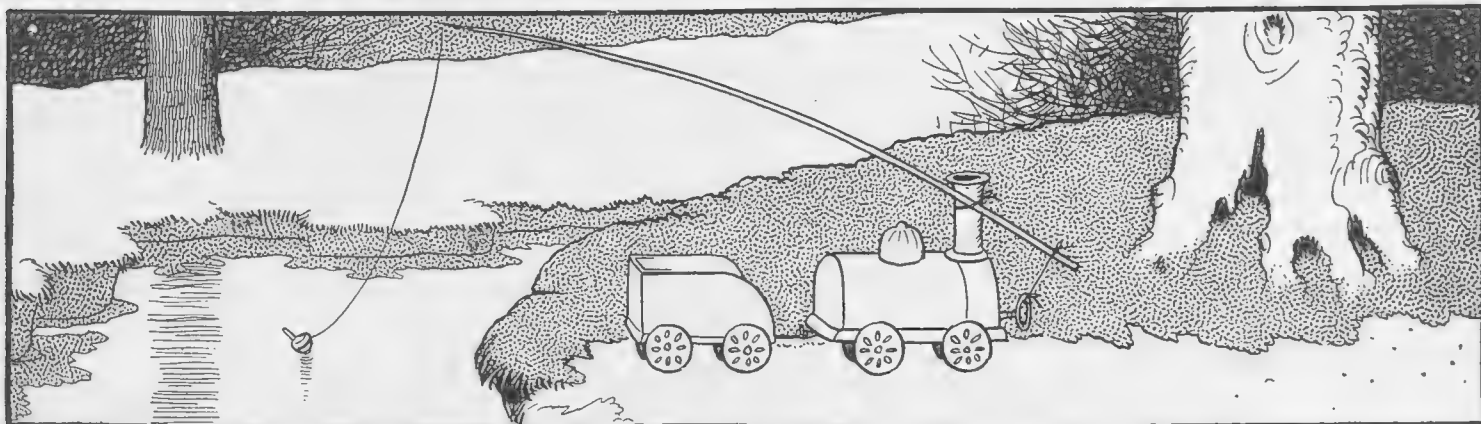
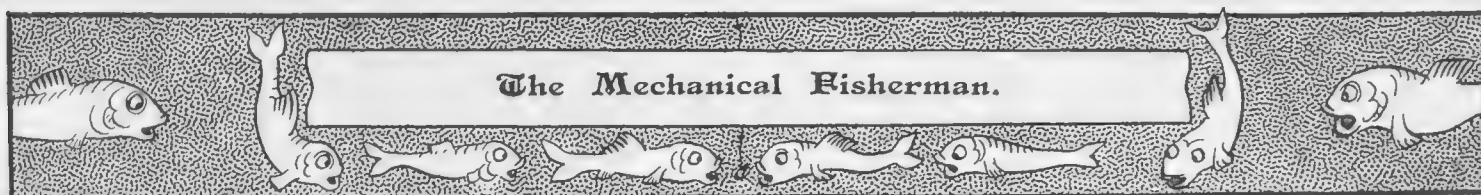
I shook my head. "The point is that nobody else will, either."

Phyllis laughed. "You wait and see. Help me to push it against the wall here. That's right. Now, who's to guess it isn't just an ordinary sofa? All the knobs are out of sight."

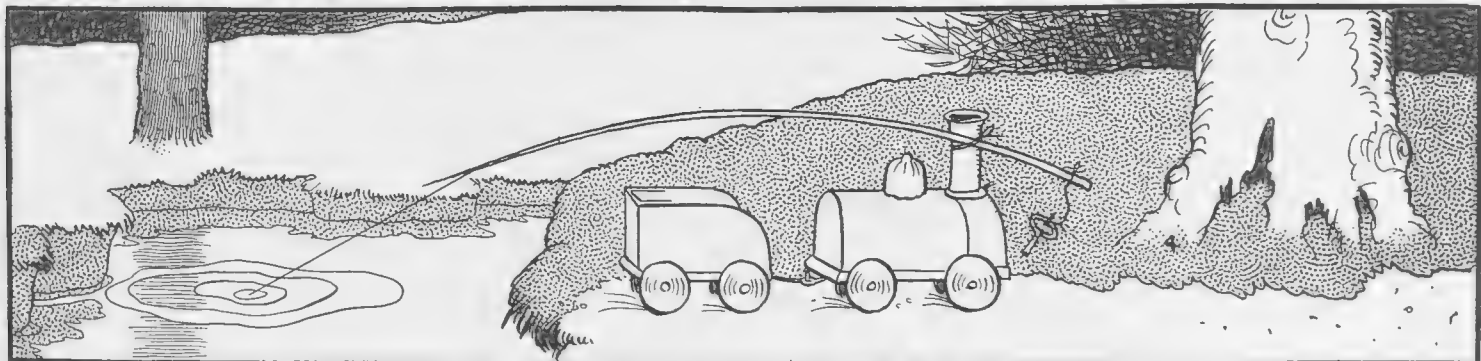
"And the—the hump?" I asked dubiously.

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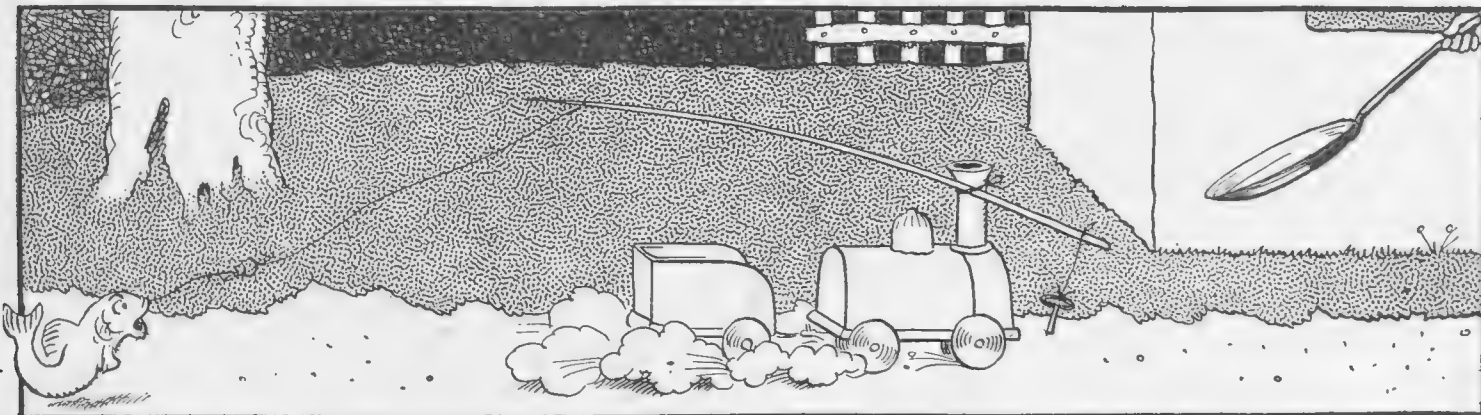
THE POND TO PAN EXPRESS—ARRANGED BY COOK!



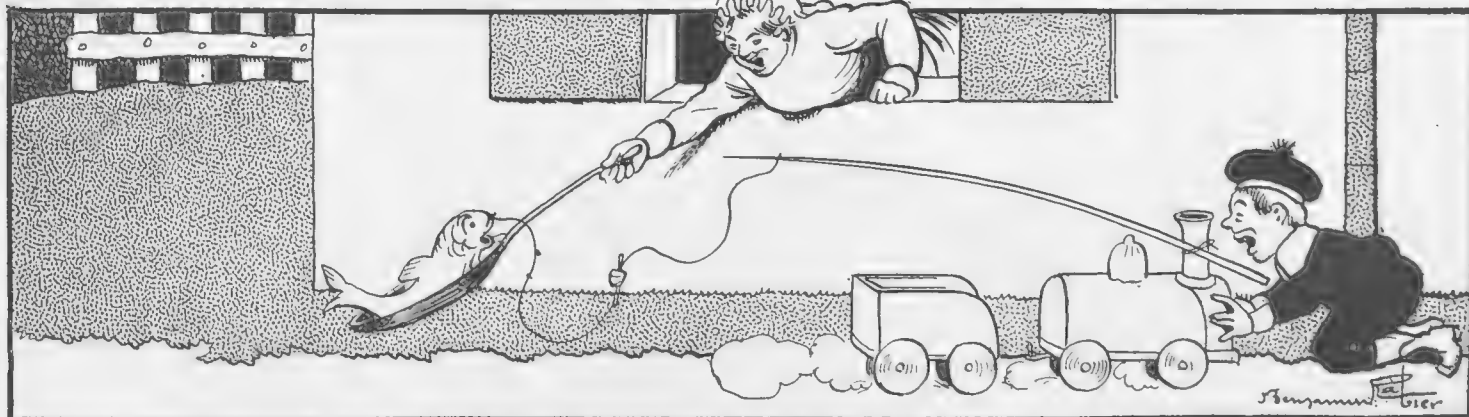
(1.)



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1. THE EXPRESS WAITING FOR ITS FINNY PASSENGER TO GIVE THE ORDER TO START.
2. THE ORDER GIVEN, THE KEY OF THE ENGINE RELEASED, AND THE TRAIN STARTED.
3. THE FISH ON HIS JOURNEY FROM POND TO PAN.
4. THE LANDING AT PAN.

DRAWN BY BENJAMIN RABIER.

"The very latest improvement in sofas," Phyllis said with authority. "That's how I shall explain it. Don't you see, it allows two people to sit in comfort, instead of only one, like—like prehistoric sofas."

"I see." I gazed at Phyllis admiringly. "All the same, I'm glad it's not I who have to sell it."

"Faint heart!" cried Phyllis. "There won't be the least difficulty. Why, don't you understand, they'll buy a sofa, not the—the bed-sitting-room-verandah *we* know it is. They'll find when they get it home that they've got all that thrown in gratis."

"And be proportionately thankful," I anticipated, with some alarm.

Phyllis was not listening; she was drawing up the advertisement.

"Well?" I inquired with interest, when I got home the day after its appearance.

Phyllis made a show of cheerfulness. "Oh, well, the thing isn't actually sold yet," she allowed. "But I've had three people looking at it."

"Really? What sort?"

"Well—dealers."

"Oh! Any offers?"

"N—not exactly. You see, they didn't have time to—to get so far."

"Not time?"

"N—no."

"Look here, Phyl," I urged, "you might tell me."

Phyllis's lips suddenly quivered. "Dear," she said piteously, "I've had such an awful day."

"You poor darling! Tell me."

"The first one," Phyllis explained faintly, "wanted a thoroughly comfortable couch for an invalid lady."

I nodded. "Well, it is comfortable, anyway," I remarked.

"Yes. But—just as he was explaining, he kicked one of the legs, and the tantalus came out."

"Great Scott!"

"Yes; he said the same, only much worse. He said if he hadn't found it out in time, the shock would have killed the invalid; she's a teetotaler. And he said you—you never knew where you were with people who—drank."

I gasped. "Heavens, Phyl! Why didn't you ring me up? I'd have shown him where he was."

"There wasn't time. The second man arrived."

"Well?" I asked anxiously.

"He was worse. He got curious about the hinge, and, of course, in the end, the thing turned into a chair, and he found all the knobs on the under side."

"Did he press them?"

"Of course; anybody would."

"So he saw," I reflected aloud, "the glass, 'Bradshaw,' ash-tray, writing-pad, and pipe-rack?"

Phyllis nodded.

"What did he say?"

"Lots. One thing was that our advertisement was money thrown away. He advised us next time to say—'Shop for Sale,' or 'Self-contained Flat.'"

"Impudent beggar!" I fumed. "You should have refused to see the third man."

"Oh, he was quite polite."

"Didn't he discover anything, then?"

"Oh, yes. He leaned back with a jerk, and it pressed a knob into the wall behind. The umbrella opened."

I sighed. "But he wasn't abusive."

Phyllis giggled suddenly. "He was overwhelmingly polite. He backed to the door, making soothing remarks to me, and then ran."

"Ran? What for?"

"Well, you see, he thought he'd better. I didn't grasp it myself at first, but it was natural enough he should think he'd run across a maniac."

I pondered. "You see, we shall have to keep it," I said.

Phyllis's chin rose obstinately. "We won't! If I can only get half-a-crown for it I'm going to sell it."

"But, you see, you can't."

"I'm going to. I shall put some varnish on the legs or something when I advertise again, so that people can be told it's wet and they mustn't sit down. Then it will be all right."

This being settled, I was considerably surprised when one afternoon Phyllis rang me up.

"Come home at once," she said. "Oh, do be quick! It's the dromedary again."

She met me in the hall with a scared face, and pointed to the room that held Uncle Gregory's wedding-present.

"He's in there," she whispered, "and he's—putting it through its paces. Oh, isn't it a mercy I haven't sold it? He'd have altered his will, and left you out of it. Oh, Claude, he *loves* it!"

"Uncle Gregory?" I gasped.

"Yes he's in there, waiting. We must go in."

"Haven't you seen him, then, Phyl?"

She shook her head. "I didn't dare. He'd have guessed from my face. But I peeped through the window. He was pushing all the buttons one after another and—and revelling in it."

We went in together.

"Why, Uncle, this is a pleasure!" I cried.

Uncle Gregory rose from his sofa regretfully. "Very glad to see you both," he said mechanically, and his eyes returned to his green-leather atrocity.

"You're looking a bit run down," I observed. "Extra busy in the City?"

Uncle Gregory's tone became guarded. "I've been extra busy," he admitted. Then he laughed suddenly, and became expansive. "I was forgetting," he explained, "that there was no need for—caution—here. I was thinking for the minute that I was at home—with your Aunt Emmeline."

No appropriate remark occurred to me.

"My wife," Uncle Gregory explained courteously to Phyllis. Phyllis nodded and smiled. "I haven't met her," she said graciously.

"You haven't met her—no." Uncle Gregory was obviously consumed with envy of anyone thus felicitously situated, but he tore his mind away from the subject. "As I was saying, I've been pretty busy the last week or two, and I'm feeling the effects. But I can take a rest now."

"You're going abroad?" I asked.

"No, no; you misunderstand. I was referring to my having found your advertisement."

Phyllis leaned against me suddenly; I stared at Uncle Gregory in helpless silence.

"What's the matter with you both?" he asked rather irritably. "Aren't you glad I've found it?"

"I—I—" Phyllis began.

Uncle Gregory looked anxious. "You don't mean to say that you don't *want* to sell it, after all? Why, haven't I been tearing all over the country for a fortnight after all sorts of sofas that sounded as if they might be mine? I'm nearly worn out with reading and answering advertisements; you *must* sell it now I've found it. If you didn't want to sell it you shouldn't have advertised." He glared at us indignantly.

There was a horrid pause.

"Do you mean to say," Phyllis asked at last, "that you've come here to buy back your own wedding-present?"

"Of course."

Phyllis grew pink with anger, and threw discretion to the winds. "Well, of all the *mean* things! If you knew it was so useless that we should be certain to try to sell it, why did you give it us?"

Uncle Gregory's eyes rested wistfully on the dromedary. "I didn't want to," he said. "It was Emmeline." He sighed. "You see, it was like this. I'd spent about £30 on it, and—and that annoyed your Aunt Emmeline. When you got married she insisted on my giving it to you for a wedding-present."

"Insisted?" Phyllis asked derisively. "If you like it as much as you say—" Her gesture was of frank incredulity.

"You don't know my wife," Uncle Gregory reminded her simply.

"I do," I broke in. "But I can't understand what made you guess we'd sell it, and look out for our advertisement."

"Of course I knew you'd sell it," Uncle Gregory protested eagerly. "Why, it wasn't *made* for you. Look here." He sat down in the chair, and started it at its tricks. "I made it for myself, don't you understand? The glass, for instance; other people like their glasses on the right—I have mine on the left. And the fur foot-warmer—most people don't need one, do they? I *knew* it wouldn't suit you; but your Aunt Emmeline wouldn't listen. So I hit on this plan." He fingered the book-rest with caressing fingers. "Would you," he asked anxiously, "be inclined to take fifty for it?"

"Fifty pounds?" Phyllis asked, in a stunned voice.

He nodded, and hastily searched his pocket-book. "Take it, Claude," he entreated. "The—the other fifty is the cheque I meant to give you."

There was no sound but the crisp crackle of banknotes. I laughed, and Uncle Gregory looked uneasy.

"Uncle, you're a fraud," I said. "Thanks awfully; but the other fifty is—hush money; you know it is."

Uncle Gregory made an apologetic gesture. "Your Aunt Emmeline—" he began, capitulating abjectly.

"Oh, Claude, don't you see?" Phyllis burst in with tremulous indignation. "It can't be as he says, because if he buys the chair back his Aunt Emmeline—I mean yours—will have to know about it."

Uncle Gregory started nervously. "No, no, no!" he said. "I've thought it all out. I *must* have my chair; but she mustn't know. So—so would you mind addressing it to the office?"

I laughed. "Certainly, Uncle."

Phyllis dimpled suddenly and held out her hands to Uncle Gregory. "You—you poor dear!" she said. "I didn't understand. Come and see us, won't you—when Aunt—whenver she is too—too—"

"I will," he said heartily, and picked up his hat. His eyes wandered lovingly to the chair.

"We'll send it off at once," I comforted him.

"Thanks! thanks!" He shook his head thoughtfully.

"What is it?" Phyllis asked.

He sighed. "The umbrella," he explained. "Neat piece of work that. One of the neatest things I've ever done. And at the office I shall never be able to use it."

THE END.



WORLD'S WHISPERS.

"THE marvellous Mucha," as his friends and critics call him, attained fame in Parisian art circles long before he became known to British buyers and critics; and all the world over his fellow-artists recognise in Mucha one of the greatest decorative painters and designers of our time. He was born in 1860, and Moravia had the honour of giving birth to him. His parents were quite poor, but from early childhood he showed an extraordinary love of drawing, and when still in his teens he had the good fortune to attract the attention of the venerable Hungarian painter, Zeleny. Alphonso Mucha had, however, many hard days of struggle before he attained his present position, and when he first came to Paris, he gave himself up almost entirely to book-illustration. One of these volumes—a fairy-tale—caught the fancy of the divine Sarah, and she commissioned him to draw a poster of "Gismonda." That poster made the artist famous in a day; even more successful being that which was drawn by him to illustrate the famous actress in the awful and tragic rôle of Medea.

"Kuch Behar." The Prime Minister of Nepal is not the only distinguished Eastern potentate now visiting England, for there is also the Maharajah of Kuch Behar, who rules over a population of more than half-a-million people. The Maharajah is a warrior by caste, a Hindoo by religion, and a British soldier and sportsman by choice. An honorary Colonel in the Army, and an honorary A.D.C. to the King, he has seen some fighting, but he is perhaps best known in India for his annual big game shooting party, which is really one of the events of the Indian season. The Maharajah is himself a remarkable shot, and a very good tennis, racquet, and billiard player. His Maharani was the eldest daughter of the famous reformer, Keshub Chander Sen, who dreamt of abolishing all caste distinctions. Both the Maharajah and the Maharani are well known in England, where their social gifts have made them extremely popular. They have four sons and three daughters, and the sons are being educated in England.



"THE MARVELLOUS MUCHA": M. ALPHONSE MUCHA, THE FAMOUS DECORATIVE PAINTER AND DESIGNER.

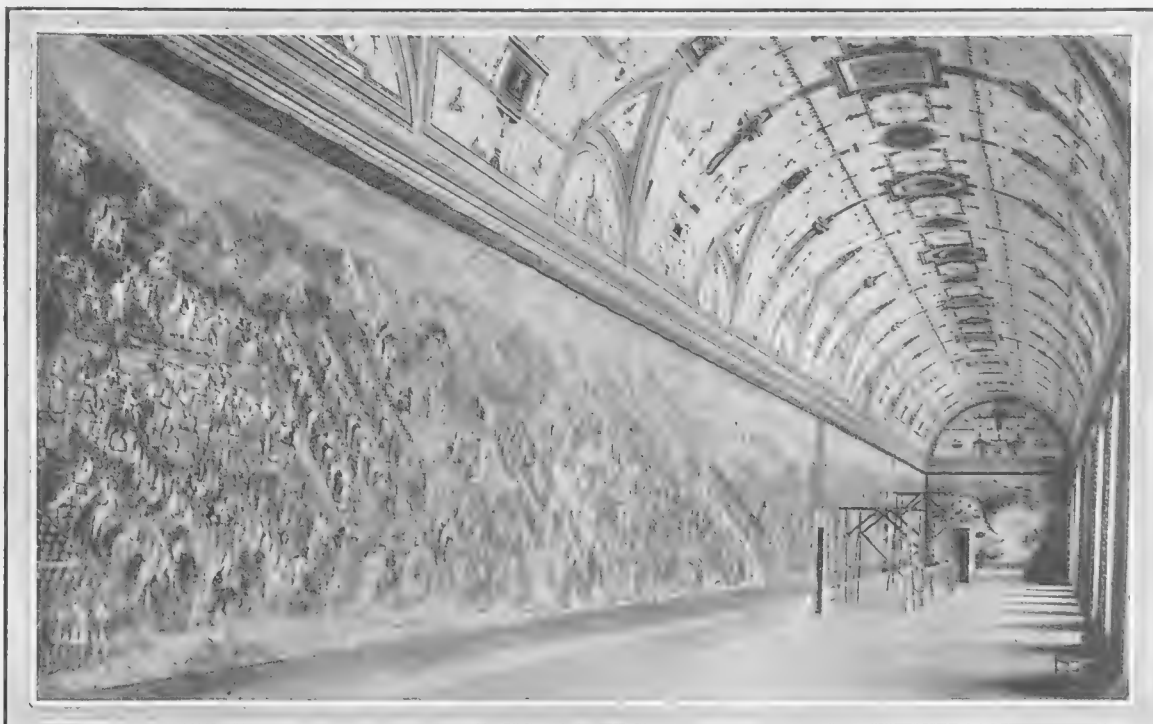
Photograph by the Burr Publishing Company.

is the Escorial, and this marvellous mass of building is becoming more and more familiar to English eyes, for Spain is now the delightful holiday ground where many tired Londoners escape each winter and spring in search of warmth and sunshine. Built in honour of St. Lawrence, by that gloomy, fateful monarch, Philip II., the grim grey-granite castle is shaped like a gridiron, and placed in a wilderness of stone and barren sand. So splendid, however, are the interior decorations that it is said that Napoleon, when standing at the bottom of the grand staircase, became suddenly silent from admiration. The Escorial is, of course, the burying-place of the Spanish Kings, but from time immemorial the royal family have made more or less long sojourns there, and the private apartments of the Sovereign, his Consort, the Infantes and Infantas are very magnificent.

The Collections of Some Famous Ladies.

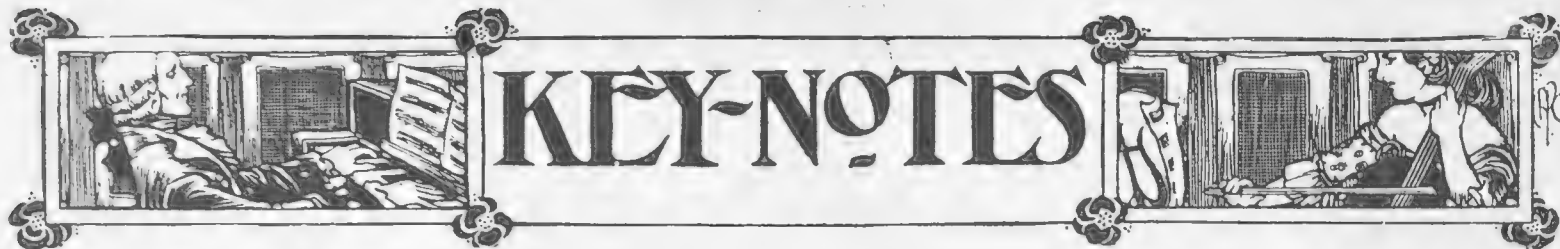
The rage for gathering together quaint objects of some description or another shows no signs of diminishing among Society ladies at the present time. Perhaps one of the largest and most interesting of these collections is that of Mrs. George Cornwallis West, who "specialises" in pigs of all shapes and sizes. One of her principal pigs is of solid gold, heavily studded with precious stones. This was a wedding-present to her from the King. The Queen, in addition to her wonderful collection of old china (one of the most valuable ever got together by one individual) also has a large number of ancient fans, one of which is reputed to have belonged to Queen Elizabeth, while another certainly was the property of Marie Antoinette.

The Princess of Wales favours laces of every description, and has some almost priceless specimens of every make, while Princess Victoria has a large collection of seventeenth and eighteenth century jewellery. The King has a superb collection of snuff-boxes, principally of French design and manufacture, while the Countess of Dudley collects old Sheffield plate and silver-ware.



IN THE PALACE IT TAKES FOUR DAYS TO WALK THROUGH: THE GALLERY OF BATTLE IN THE ESCURIAL, THE LARGEST ROYAL RESIDENCE IN THE WORLD.

It is claimed that it takes four days to make a tour of all the rooms of the Escorial. The distance that has to be covered is about 120 miles.



HOLLAND has made notable contribution to music in the course of the past few years, for if we do not hear of many Dutch composers, we find a large number of singers who have made their mark. Perhaps the best-known is Van Rooy; but, if we are not mistaken, Miss Julia Culp hails from Holland, and Miss Tilley Koenen comes from the same land. The last-named singer made her reputation in London almost as soon as she was heard there, and she added very considerably to it by the delightful recital she gave the other night at the

Queen's Hall, with the aid of her countryman, Conrad Bos, who accompanied her. It may be said in passing that the art of the accompanist is often underrated, but to hear such an accompanist as Mr. Bos is to understand how largely the success of the singer is aided by the exquisite tact and delicacy of the accompanist's response to voice and mood and feeling. Certainly Miss Koenen was well served, and she did great justice to the occasion. She sings with equal facility in German, Italian, and English, and in addition to a beautiful voice finely trained, she has the complete command of tone-

the high standard of the earlier Wagner performances! Mme. Osborne-Hannah's Eva was a disappointment to some of us. She did no more than make us regret the absence of Fräulein Hempel, who made the part so interesting last year. The new-comer's voice is not remarkable for sympathy or richness, and her acting is undistinguished. Nervousness may have been responsible in part for these shortcomings, but we do not think that they can be accounted for by nervousness alone. Herr Jörn's Walther is good without being very good, while Van Rooy, whose Hans Sachs is one of his finest creations, did not always seem happy in his surroundings, though he sang and acted finely. The Beckmesser of Herr Geis was well sung and acted, but although Herr Henke sang the David music well and moved with spirit, he hardly looks the part. It is unnecessary to tell at length how finely Dr. Richter held the performance together. He obtained a splendid reading of the overture, and his handling of the great double fugue at the end of the second act was inimitable.

The return of Mme. Melba was made the occasion of a remarkable demonstration by her many admirers.

As soon as the prima-donna made her appearance the cheering drowned the orchestra, and, as Signor Campanini wisely ignored the interruption, we found that the music, when it became audible again, had made considerable progress. At the end of the first act, when Mimi had reached her high C with supreme ease, there were eight recalls, and throughout the evening there were repeated demonstrations. This is as it should be, for Mme. Melba has been before the Covent Garden public for twenty years, and has every claim upon its regard. In Puccini's pretty opera she has a part that suits her voice to perfection, and it may be doubted whether the music has ever been better sung. There is some talk of the prima-donna's appearance in "Tosca" and "Otello" during the present season.

In these times, when it is so hard to find space for the achievements of the living, it is still more difficult to write of those who pass from our midst. But one must note the passing of Mr. Jacques Blumenthal, who died last week at a very advanced age, for in his time he served music with great devotion and extraordinary success. Mr. Blumenthal came to London sixty years ago, when the Revolution was raging in Paris, and made a very considerable reputation as teacher and composer. To-day his songs have faded, and

few play his piano pieces, but he had long years of success, and enjoyed the patronage of Queen Victoria and several members of the royal family. His kindness to the less fortunate followers of the profession was unending. Many men of far greater achievement will not be so widely mourned.

COMMON CHORD



"POLDOUSKI," COMPOSER OF THE MUSIC TO "LANVAL": LADY DEAN PAUL.

Under the name of "Poldouski," Lady Dean Paul wrote the music for Lord Howard de Walden's "Lanval." Lady Dean Paul is the youngest daughter of the famous violinist Wieniawski, and received her first musical education at the Brussels Conservatoire. More recently she studied in Paris under Vincent d'Indy.

colour and measure of artistic insight that enable her to make of each song a perfect little work of art and to choose her songs wisely. On a hot night in early summer there are places more attractive than the Queen's Hall, and it is no small tribute to the singer that a very large audience was content to remain until the last note had been sung.

Mme. Edyth Walker, who created a considerable sensation by her remarkably fine performance in "Tristan and Isolde," is not an Englishwoman, but an American. She sang at Covent Garden some seven or eight years ago, and many opera-lovers must remember her Ortrude and her Amneris. Then, of course, she was a mezzo-soprano. In the years that have passed the quality of her voice has changed, and to-day she is a soprano. It is clear that she has been studying Wagner under the best masters, and that, side by side with the growth of her voice, she has studied to develop the dramatic sense without which every operatic performance must lose the greater part of its quality. There is no more difficult rôle for a prima-donna than that of Isolde: from first to last she must be an actress of the first rank, and a singer whose voice can endure an almost unceasing strain. Mme. Walker succeeded so well that the part stood out as a great individual performance—one of those that we like to remember when the season is over and we are recalling the nights that some great artist made memorable. What a pity it is that German opera is now nearly at an end, and that we must wait for January in order to hear some more in London! And what a pity, too, that the "Meistersinger" did not maintain



THE DIAMOND JUBILEE OF A VETERAN PROFESSOR OF SINGING: HERR WILLIAM GANZ, WHOSE DIAMOND JUBILEE CONCERT TOOK PLACE YESTERDAY (TUESDAY).

Herr Ganz, well known as composer, pianist, and conductor of concerts, is a professor of singing at the Guildhall School of Music. He was born at Mayence in 1833, and was educated there and in London. He first came to England in 1838, and obtained an engagement in the orchestra of Her Majesty's Theatre under Balfe.—[Photograph by Mendelssohn.]



THE NEW GREAT ISOLDE: MME. EDYTH WALKER.

Mme. Edyth Walker, the American singer, met with a remarkable success in the character of Isolde the other day. It is a little curious to note that when she first sang at Covent Garden, some eight years ago, she was a mezzo-soprano.

Photograph by Aime Dupont.



WHAT TO DO ON SUNDAY—THE GROWTH OF THE MOTOR UNION—THE C.P. TRIES AGAIN—DUNLOP DETACHABLE RIMS ON A SUNBEAM—
"WHITES" IN THEIR NEW HOME.

WHEN foreign and provincial visitors to London have "done" the orthodox sights during the week, and find themselves with a Sunday on hand in the Metropolis, they are frequently at a loss to know just how to make the best use of it. Of course, the unco' guid will promptly indicate the only way; but, after all, even with the most pious, the whole of a long Sabbath day cannot be spent in that way, and sojourners in our great city finding themselves in such an impasse will assuredly welcome the Daimler Company's latest innovation. This enterprising company are arranging trips to Brighton every Sunday during the coming season. The cars employed for the purpose are of the usual 42-h.p. standard type, will be driven by a smart chauffeur, and will start each

morning as follows: Waldorf Hotel, 10 a.m.; Savoy, 10.5; Cecil, 10.15; Grand Hotel, 10.25; Hotel Metropole, 10.30; Hotel Victoria, 10.35; Grosvenor Hotel, 10.45. The cars will reach Brighton in time for lunch. Leave Brighton, 5 p.m. Fares, 12s. 6d. single and 15s. return journey; box seat, 2s. 6d. extra each way.

The tenth provincial meeting of the Motor Union of Great Britain and Ireland was held at Bournemouth on Saturday last, when the general committee of that body met under the chairmanship of Mr. W. Joynson-Hicks, M.P., at the Municipal Offices. The New Forest A.C. arranged with the municipal authorities for a concert in the Pier Pavilion

will travel on a pilot-car. Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Mayhew will act in this capacity.

Detachable rims are yet upon their trial, and if they show in any variety in the Irish Reliability Trials their manipulation will take place under very critical observation. That highly experienced road-driving automobilist, Mr. Fred Eastmead, has selected the Dunlop detachable rims for the 20-h.p. Sunbeam he is driving through the above trials, with which he will return to this country for participation in the Scottish Trials, now incorporated in, although distinct from, the R.A.C. 2000 Miles Reliability Test. Although I feel sure that the beautifully simple Dunlop detachable rim has been proved to the hilt by those most nearly connected with it, yet its use and approval by such a veteran of the road as Mr. Eastmead will go very far towards impressing the public in its favour.

Perhaps the only steam-propelled pleasure-car which can claim to have earned a really sure place in British affections is that remarkably efficient and ingenious mechanical entity known as the "White." So popular has it become, and so extended are the operations now required to handle it—new or in repair—that the White Company have caused to be erected for their general uses one of the most perfectly designed and equipped buildings for general manufacturing purposes yet to be found in the metropolitan district. The White Company will, however, retain their present premises at 35, 36, and 37, Kingly Street, Regent Street, as West-End show-rooms, but the important work of assembling the chassis, body-building, and equipping these great cars for the road will be done at the new works. Repairs of all descriptions will also be attended to there, and the offices of the European branch of the White Company will then have their *piéd-à-terre* under the energetic management of Mr. Frederic Coleman. These new works should redound vastly to the credit of the White Company in this country.



A TROPHY FOR PILOTS OF THE MOTOR-CAR OF THE AIR: A BACCHANTE, BY BARRIAS. The trophy was presented by the Aero Club of France to the balloon-pilots of Bordeaux.

at three o'clock, after which the visitors were entertained by the New Forest organisation to tea in the Winter Gardens. The tenth provincial dinner of the Union followed at the Hotel Monte Dore, so that the Unionists had a pretty full day. In this connection I may mention some figures recently given me by Mr. Rees Jeffries bearing on the continued growth of the Union. Individual members enrolled during April numbered 380, as compared with 364 in the preceding month, while a comparison with April of 1907 shows an increase of 33 per cent. The total of individual members paid to April 30 equalled 4189, as against 3221 for last year. Including the affiliated members, the Union now claims to have a membership of about 15,000.

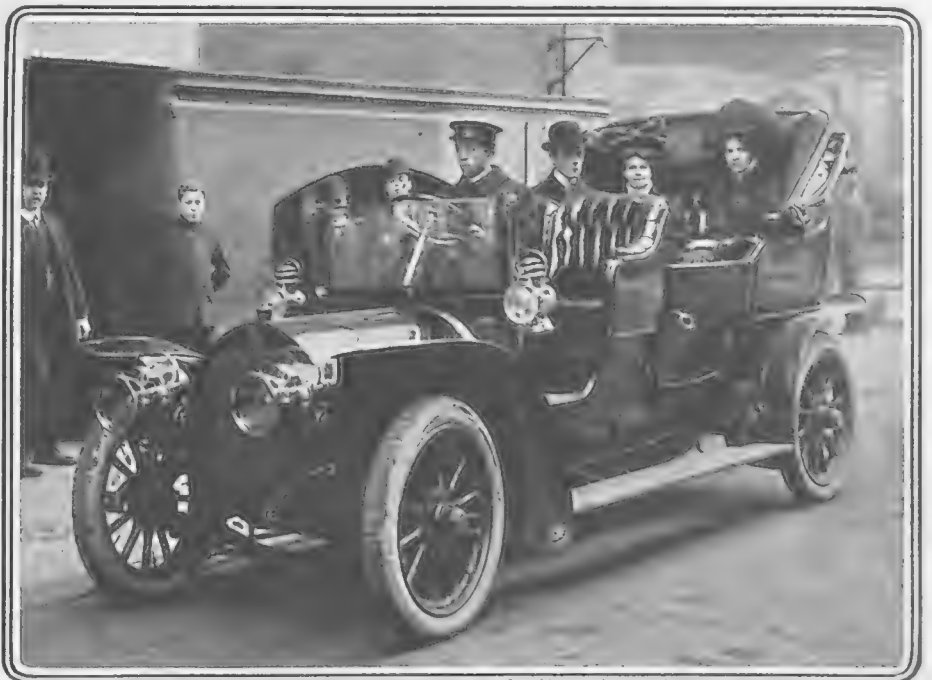
The Crystal Palace Automobile Club are to have an opportunity on Saturday of recovering their laurels and wiping out the undeserved reproach they sustained in connection with the Bexhill fiasco, to which I referred in these notes, and which in no manner reflected upon the Club. The event of the 30th inst. will be an Open Flexibility Trial, on similar lines to the abortive undertaking on April 11, save that both the weighing and the speed test will be carried out at Brooklands, in lieu of the Crystal Palace and Bexhill as heretofore. After weighing and the completion of a half-mile speed-test on the track for gear-proving, the cars will leave on an eighty to a hundred miles test of flexibility. To obviate all scorching, an official speed-controller



RIDING ASTRIDE, NEW STYLE: MISS BLYTH ON HER 3½-H.P. DIAMOND MOTOR-CYCLE.

Miss Blyth was a competitor in the Essex Motor Club's recent hill-climb at Lippett's Hill, but did not succeed in winning the event for which she entered.

Photograph by the Topical Press.



SALOME AND PARENTS: MISS MAUD ALLAN GOES MOTORING WITH HER FATHER AND MOTHER. Miss Allan is still drawing large audiences to the Palace with her "Salome" and other dances.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY—MEGAPHONE TIPS—THE LADIES AND THEIR HATS.

JUNE the Third will be a red-letter day in the history of many should his Majesty's Perrier win the Derby. I am inclined to think that the colt did not run within 14 lb. of his proper form in the race for the Two Thousand, and I shall give him one more chance at Epsom. Mountain Apple will, without a shadow of doubt, be very close to the winner at the finish, but I should have liked him better if he had run in public this year. The colt has grown into a beautiful animal, and he is said to be as fit as a fiddle. Of Persse's two, I like White Eagle most; the horse was not as fit as he could be made when he ran at Newmarket, and I think he is a better stayer than Sir Archibald. Mr. Henry Chaplin, who won the race with Hermit, thinks that we should follow form and go for Norman III.; but it should not be overlooked that Norman III. was the only really fit animal that contested the Two Thousand. There was no room for improvement left in his case, while many of the other competitors have come on a lot of late. There is nothing on the book to show that Bachelor's Lodge will beat his field at Epsom, but Gilpin could easily spring a surprise on us with one of his trio—Miranda, Nelson, and Rodney—and would-be backers are not likely to forget what happened in the case of Spearmint. The smart men are going for Llangwm, who may be lacking in class. I like Vamose the better of the Kingsclere pair. A surprise might easily come from Sea Sick II., who has been running consistently well in France; but I do not like the idea of his being started for the French Derby on the Sunday previous to the Epsom race. A rough journey across the Channel would undoubtedly put him out of court for our Derby, while, on the other hand, if it were smooth travelling it would not hurt him a little bit.

I am not in want of employment, but I should much like to be appointed official vaticinator to the Jockey Club. If the Turf senators took any official notice of betting they would, I am sure, fall in with my proposition, as follows — "Give me permission to go on to the grand stand when the numbers have been put up and advise the public by megaphone the horses they should avoid." The information would take some getting, but the bookmakers and professional backers seem to know how to obtain it. To give an illustration, a big backer came up from the south coast to back an animal in an important handicap recently, but he was told by those who should be in the know that the horse would not win, and of course he stood down. Now I have good reasons for thinking that the information was known to the layers, but they nursed the horse nicely in the

quotations, with the result that he started at a short price, and the public lost their money. It was after this little episode that the idea came to me about the megaphone. I could not, perhaps, with any degree of confidence always tell them what to back, but on occasion I could tell them what not to. If backers and bookies were to start equal in the matter of information, we should no longer see the layers riding in their motor-cars while the poor punters were "padding the hoof" to and from the race-courses. A big bookmaker once boasted to me that he only required one "dead" favourite per week to ensure a decent living. He could not even get that one if my megaphone scheme were in perfect working order. Under existing conditions, the layers get all the luck in the shape of non-triers, accidents at the starting-gate, and incapable jockeys. It is almost time that something were done to make the game a more even one.

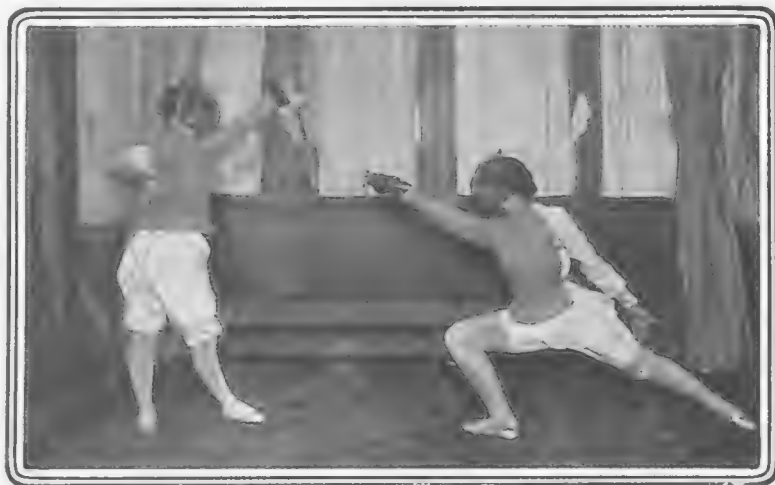
I do not like to be considered ungallant, but I am constrained to make a suggestion to the ladies who go racing with *matinée* hats on. They should at least keep seated while watching the

sport from the stands in the members' enclosure. This, of course, does not apply to the roof of the stands, where it is possible by the aid of the ledges to look over the tallest and broadest hat donned by the fair sex. But inside the stands the ladies will stand up to see the "off" and the race, with the result that all the people at the back see nothing; and if any mere man shouts out—"Kindly sit down in front!" it has no effect whatever on the wilful maidens and old ladies. Luckily, on the public stands the crowd will agitate for "Parasols down in front there!" until the sunshades are closed, and their owners are made to look very small too. But with ladies in the members' stand the case is different, and they seem to imagine that the earth is theirs and all that is on it. I have seen cases where men found it impossible to draw the attention of bookmakers on the rails owing to the profusion of hats in front of them. We all welcome the ladies at race-meetings, so long as they do not interfere with the pleasure of the sport of kings, and they should at least

remember that there are some men present who are busily engaged in solving knotty puzzles, and they are not likely to be aided in their task by being unnecessarily interfered with.

CAPTAIN COE.

Captain Coe's "Monday Tips" will be found on our "City Notes" page.



UNCOMMON COSTUMES FOR LADY FENCERS: MEMBERS OF THE PARIS OPERA COMPANY PRACTISING WITH THE FOILS.

Photograph by Lamon.



THE DIVIDED SKIRT FOR LADY FENCERS: PRACTISING IN PARIS FOR THE OLYMPIC GAMES. It will be noted that the skirt of the lady fencer who is seen on the right is divided. The costume worn by the fencer on the left is that commonly adopted by ladies.—[Photograph by Park.]

WOMAN'S WAYS.

By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

The Self-Confident Sex.

Mr. Arthur Christopher Benson has recently been discoursing on Shyness, which he describes as "one of the primitive, aboriginal qualities which still lurk in human nature." He might have added that it is to be found far oftener in men than in women, in small boys rather than in tiny girls. After her first season, the most countrified maiden is rarely shy, whereas the young man often goes on being diffident till he is rising forty. Mr. Benson declares that one of the reasons of children's shyness is that the grown-up folk often "snub them in public." Well, however she may be treated on the domestic hearth, a woman is never snubbed in public, and this, perhaps, accounts more than anything for her plentiful supply of confidence. It is amazing how satisfied the majority of women are with themselves, their appearance and their powers, their conversation and their charms. On the other hand, the very shy person is apt to be little short of intimidating. You never know what he would be at. His thoughts are an impenetrable mystery. While others gabble and gossip, "giving themselves away" at every phrase, he remains inarticulate, observant, possibly censorious. Charles Dickens (who was extraordinarily fond of children) once passed some unforgettable hours with a small, shy child, whom he had invited for the afternoon. The speechlessness of the baby became an obsession. Some of us have gone through equal tortures with a grown-up guest, but rarely is the offending person of the feminine sex.

Plutocracy and the Young Eros.

The Americans are nothing if not a practical people, and their womenkind show no lack of this Transatlantic characteristic. Instead of reading poetry and romances, dreaming foolish dreams, and posing as a disinterested ingénue, the American girl draws up a list of available British "lords" and proceeds to carry out an unalterable design of uniting herself to one of them. One of the cheaper American magazines goes so far as to print a catalogue of unmarried British "peers"—some of whom turn out to be younger sons of marquesses and dukes—so as to afford young Columbia every facility for her conquests on British soil. In the interests of our impoverished aristocracy, we ought to retaliate with a catalogue of all the genuine American millionairesses, with their portraits, ages, chief "points," previous "engagements," and full list of their relatives—presentable and otherwise.

Cosmopolitan Girls.

The young person of the middle classes is, by a new scheme, to be turned into a cosmopolitan girl. Those whose parents cannot afford to let them attend German Wagner cycles and French plays, to travel and to study in foreign parts, will "exchange daughters" with Germans and French, Italians and Swedes. The plan sounds feasible, for the transplanted girl would drop

at once into foreign family life, and though it would probably mean, for the youthful Briton, sharing a skimpy *appartement*, she would have the enormous advantage of learning the language at first hand. A working knowledge of foreign tongues is not one of the strong points of the English lower bourgeoisie, and is one of the reasons why they cannot take up positions in hotels or in shops frequented by foreigners. Then no great hardships would be endured by the adventurous maidens, for the respective daughters would be held as a species of hostage; if one did not fare well and enjoy herself, the other would soon feel it. The rubbing-off of insular angles and the softening of insular prejudices which would result in the case of our own compatriots would be of inestimable advantage to modern England.

That "English Accent."

A German Professor has been lately discovering many things, one of them being that the accent of the Londoner is less pure than that of the man in Chicago. He declares that the average American speaks quite as good English as the average educated Briton. All I can say is that the American language may be all very well for German ears, but that the English visitor to New York has considerable difficulty in understanding what is said by American men. At the first blush the tongue spoken in New York is often far more difficult to catch than Parisian French. It has as curious a sound, and is as full of slang and local locutions, as the German spoken in Vienna. This criticism, however, does not apply to the women-folk, who are invariably clear—if nasal; while their phrases are more carefully chosen than are those of even the cultivated Englishwoman. At first, their speech sounds a trifle pedantic to English ears, and if you have any doubts about being able to compete with their elegance of language, you are reassured by their never-failing remark that you possess a marked "English accent."

Actresses and Marionettes.

It is passing strange that the son of the incomparable Ellen Terry should be seriously urging the abolition of the actor and actress and the substitution of the glorified Marionette. Living marionettes we have in plenty on the English stage, and if we want lack of expression, stiffness of movement, and wooden love-making instead of genuine passion, there is small need to employ dolls which are moved by wires. The immortal Doll in the "Contes d'Hoffmann" is disconcertingly like the Erste Liebhaberin of the theatre, with her flaxen hair, her frills, and her amazing lack of emotion. If we go back to the marionette, the art of acting would be gradually lost—except in real life, where it is made use of far more than simple-minded folk usually imagine.



A GRACEFUL GARDEN-PARTY GOWN IN APRICOT-COLOURED MUSLIN.
(For Notes on Fashions of the Moment, see the "Woman-About-Town" page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN.

LAST week's Court was presumably the last of the season, which would account for the limit of two hundred presentations being considerably exceeded. During the last years of Queen Victoria's reign five Courts a season were held. The King and Queen hold four. On Friday night there were quite a number of débutantes. A lady of special interest at the moment who attended was Lady Willcocks, wife of General Sir James Willcocks, in command of the expedition against the Mohmands. Her dress was one of great distinction, in soft striped moiré and gauze of a soft ivory-white shade. It was in Empire style, with a deep berthe of white silk and gold-embroidered roses; and the train was of white satin, lined with gold-tissue broché and embroidered in each corner with a raised design in gold wheatears and Louis Seize bows in white silk, gold and silver.

Two tall and very handsome débutantes were Lady Irene Denison, only daughter of the Earl and Countess of Londesborough, and Miss Generis Williams-Bulkeley, eldest daughter of Sir Richard and Lady Magdalen Williams-Bulkeley. Lady Irene is tall and slender, and has lovely blue eyes and pale-brown hair. She is an out-door girl, loving sport as do her father and mother; happily, also, having a healthy liking for town pleasures, pretty clothes, and dances and parties. Lady Londesborough is very tall—her daughter, I think, equals her in height—and very fair. She is a fine sports-woman, and met with a very unusual accident a hunting season or so back. Riding at a meet she was kicked by someone else's mount, and her leg fractured. Miss Generis Williams-Bulkeley is a very pretty girl, of medium colouring, very graceful, and has beautiful eyes and hair. Her mother is the sister of Lady Alington: their only brother, the late Earl of Hardwicke, died suddenly nearly four years ago, to the grief of an exceptionally wide circle of friends.

Melba had a glorious welcome back to the scene of her many triumphs, the Opera-house, last week. The Queen was there, looking splendidly handsome in black, glittering with silver, and wearing a pearl-and-diamond dog-collar, and black with diamonds in her hair, a large damask rose making the one delightful contrast in colour. Her Majesty lent forward from her box and clapped as the great singer came on to the stage. Princess Victoria was in white and silver. The Countess of Gosford was Lady-in-Waiting, and was dressed wholly in black, being in mourning for her stepfather, the late Duke of Devonshire. The two Maids-of-Honour, the Hon. Violet Vivian and Hon. Blanche Lascelles, were also in waiting, both dressed simply in white with a little silver. The house was a splendid one.

The Gala to-night bids fair to crown a series of successes. Whatever way the shoe pinches, however the shortage of money may affect Americans and Britishers, the Gala is a thing that cannot be missed. It is one of the expensive entertainments that are judged to be well worth the money. There is more financial optimism than there was, and many smart women have ordered special new frocks for the Gala. These are all white and pale in colour, for the rose-red shaded to pink decorations and the uniforms of the men are liable to clash with strong-coloured dresses. As to jewels, the

occasion is dear to the hearts of those who possess them in quantity and quality, for it demands a great show. The seats sold very quickly, and everything is like the decorations—*couleur-de-rose*.

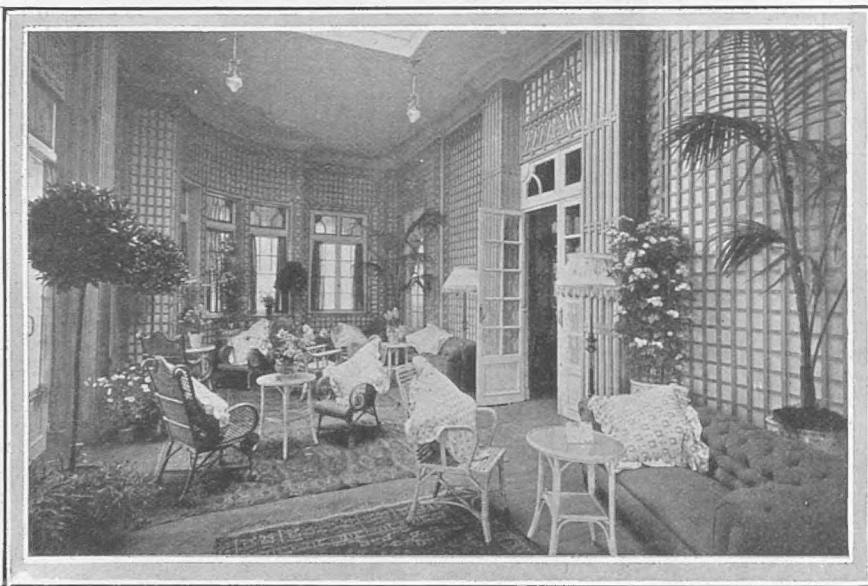
Lady Carrington presented her New Zealand-born daughter last Friday—Lady Myee Carrington, so called because she was born while her father was Governor-General of New South Wales, and the name is Maori for "good fortune." She was gowned in white tulle over silver-embroidered net. The décolletage was outlined with silver embroidery, and the train of white lace was lined with puffings of chiffon. Mrs. George Rochfort-Boyd presented a delightfully pretty daughter, who was simply gowned in white satin trimmed with tulle roses and lilies-of-the-valley. She presented also Mrs. Rochfort-Boyd, her sister-in-law (wife of Colonel Charles Rochfort-Boyd, C.M.G.) whose Court costume was a study in citron and celadon shading in with gold. The Duchess of Wellington was a picturesque figure, wearing a high diamond, crown-shaped tiara and superb pearls and diamonds, with a lovely dress of mauve crêpe-de-Chine, a mass of raised work in gold tissue, and a train of green puffed chiffon over gold tissue, with laurel Empire wreaths raised in the two corners in gold. Lady Eileen Wellesley hit on picturesque and original colouring in a gown of pale Indian sapphire-blue charmeuse satin, wrought with silver, and a train of pale-green chiffon over silver, with a big bow of Louis XV. silver tissue in one corner.

Lord and Lady Dudley's dinner and dance for the King and Queen last week was not a large affair—not nearly so large as their earlier party for the Prince and Princess of Wales. It was, however, charming, and the royal guests were most gracious. Only the three classical Greek dances were given by Miss Maud Allen in the short interval between the end of the dinner and the dance.

On "Woman's Ways" page there is a drawing of a graceful and up-to-date garden-party gown of finest apricot-coloured muslin, finished with coarse Cluny lace the same colour. The fichu, which has long ends, is fastened with a topaz and dull gold buckle.



THE QUEEN'S SITTING-ROOM.



THE LOUNGE.

ROOMS FOR THE ROYAL MAKER OF THE ENTENTE: THE KING'S APARTMENTS AT THE FRANCO-BRITISH EXHIBITION.

The Royal Pavilion, designed for the use of the King and Queen and their guests at the Franco-British Exhibition, was decorated and furnished by Messrs. Warings. The rooms can boast decorative styles that are both French and English. The dining-room is Georgian, and the furniture is of walnut, while the Queen's sitting-room is in the Louis XVI. manner, with fine gilt furniture covered in tapestry. The lounge is treated in the treillage fashion.

at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge Stations direct to their Epsom Downs Racecourse Station, near the grand stand. Through tickets to Epsom Downs Station, via London Bridge, will be issued from all stations on the City and South London Electric Railway. A special train for horses and attendants will leave Newmarket on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, June 1 to 4, for Epsom, by the direct route via Liverpool Street, avoiding the circuitous route round London, the crowded City lines, and the various shuntings from one line to another.

For the Epsom Races the South-Eastern and Chatham Railway will run a special service of trains from Charing Cross, Waterloo, St. Paul's, Cannon Street, London Bridge, and East Croydon to Tattenham Corner Station, and vice-versa. Tattenham Corner Station is actually on the course, and within a few minutes' walk of the grand stand. A popular cold luncheon, also afternoon tea, can be obtained at Tattenham Corner Station.

In connection with the Epsom races—the Derby and Oaks—the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company are making special arrangements to dispatch express trains

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on June 10.

THE continued strength of the Bank Returns has had a favourable effect on the investment-stock markets, and there is no doubt that a reduction of the official rate must soon be made.

The reserve is three millions higher than it was a year ago, and the proportion to liabilities has reached the high figure of 51·77 per cent. Slowly but, we think, surely we are getting to a spell of cheap money again, and, in the long run, the value of high-class investment stocks should appreciate. A great revival of trade activity is the only thing likely to alter the situation, and such a revival seems improbable on the latest Board of Trade figures.

Many of our readers ask us if it is safe to do business with certain advertising touts whose specious circulars they send for inspection. All we can say is that the more attractive the circular, as a general rule, the more certain it is that the touts are unreliable. In a recent prosecution we see it was sworn that the firm in question had in six months received over £3000 as purchase-money of shares, of which they had delivered only £384 worth; and in the case of another firm, we know of two cases in which no stock can be got, although the purchase price was paid several months ago.

If our readers will buy shares from people who send circulars saying that they have the shares for sale, at least let us beg them to pay only against delivery, instructing either their bankers or some reliable friend to exchange the money against certified transfers only. In one case that came under our observation a few days ago, a transfer of Maple and Co. shares was actually sent to the client, who, on inquiry at the Company's office, found that the books showed no shareholder of the name and description of the transferer. Share-pushing and the encouragement of gambling in differences are the stock-in-trade of far too many undischarged bankrupts.

FINANCE IN A FIRST-CLASS CARRIAGE.

"There was once a man," said The Jobber, "who made some money."

They all mocked him, jeered at him, reproached him.

"All right," said The Jobber. "I was going to tell you how he made it. Now I won't. No, even if you all went down on your gouty knees, I wouldn't tell you."

The City Editor buried his face in a handkerchief, and his shoulders heaved with visibly suppressed sobs.

The Engineer said he knew how it was done: the man had bought Bays before the boom.

"What a jump they've had!" exclaimed The Engineer. "Why have all Canadian things been so good lately?"

"Change of sentiment has a lot to do with it, I think," The Broker replied. "All this talk about a record crop in the autumn has created a different 'atmosphere,' so to speak."

"And there must have been a whacking bear account in some of the things."

"Especially in Trunk Thirds, Canadas, and—I fancy—in Bays, too."

"Trunks must be worth selling, surely?"

"I should say so: most decidedly. But some of the people in the House tell you there's a lot more rise left in Trunks yet."

"That's invariably the case with any rising market," said The Jobber. "Same thing applies to Kaffirs."

"You don't believe in the Kafir boom?"

The Broker and The Jobber looked at each other. Neither spoke.

"Yes?" said the Engineer—just like that.

The Broker declared that he didn't like to be so rude as to speak first.

And The Jobber disclaimed the idea of being so presumptuous as to poach upon a broker's ground.

"In short," said The City Editor, "you are both absolutely puzzled, and don't know what to prophesy."

"It's a bit difficult to say, certainly," admitted The Broker, while The Jobber cautiously said that continuance of the rise depended entirely upon the programme adopted by the professionals and big houses.

"The industry shows improvements, I believe?" advanced The Banker.

"That is to be the salvation of the market, provided the wire-pullers don't swindle the public too obviously."

"Some shares pay 8 to 10 per cent. on the money, with quite good prospects," urged The Engineer. "Glen Deepes, for instance. A low-priced share, and the Company is making steady progress, and paying 15 per cent. dividend."

"They talk Randfonteins to 5 in two years," said The Broker.

"Pounds or shillings?" inquired The Merchant, who was a holder, at much higher prices. The others laughed.

"I shouldn't touch Randfonteins, with their huge capital," said The Solicitor. "Although, of course, there are the subsidiaries."

"Most of which won't be worth reckoning for some time to come. If we must buy Kaffirs, let us have Rand Mines."

"More rational," confirmed The Solicitor.

"More expensive," complained The Merchant.

"Less commission," murmured The Broker.

"Then I take it we are not agreed on the point of a further rise in South Africans?" The Banker summed up.

"We can't see our way, Sir," responded The Jobber. "We believe they're going better—we hope they're going better; but there's mighty little public business doing, and how long will the big houses keep the market going? There's the rub."

"I'm inclined to think we shall see them better before they're worse," considered The Broker.

"We must stick to Yankees, after all," and The Solicitor laughed, softly rubbing his hands.

"Lucky dog!" said The Jobber, kicking him.

"Lucky bull you mean," The Broker corrected. "Well, he deserves it. Hanged if I should have had the courage to hold out all the way from thirty points lower down."

"How many had you?" inquired The Merchant.

"A hundred Unions and a few Southern Pacs," was the answer.

"Very fine profit on a little deal," said The Jobber, a touch of condescension in his tone. "And now?"

"I mean to give fifty of them a run yet, because Harriman has the market at his mercy, and it seems to me that he's got to keep things good for a bit."

"How Morgan must hate him for that Erie business!" And The Solicitor chuckled. "That was too funny for words, wasn't it? Morgan must be absolutely sick at Harriman intervening as the saviour of a Morgan road, and at the last moment of the line's solvency."

"Keep your eye on Erie and on Missouri," counselled The Broker. "There's money to be made out of them."

"More than out of Home Rails?"

"Oh, rather! With trade declining and labour restless, you can't expect any active business in Home Railway stocks. It stands to reason."

"I've seen a good many things stand to reason since I came into the Stock Exchange," said The Jobber; "and the funny part of it is that they generally act in precisely the opposite way to that in which it stands to reason that they ought."

FOREIGN RAILWAY STOCKS.

Having recovered considerably from the lowest points touched, Argentine Railway stocks are in a somewhat halting mood, and investors appear disinclined to follow the market very far. Traffics continue to show up excellently, and if the standard be maintained for another six months much of the doubt will disappear which still clings around the policy of issuing new capital at the lavish rate pursued by some Argentine Companies of late. Our own opinion of the merits of Argentine Railway stocks as speculative investments is high, and we venture to forecast better prices in the autumn, provided that natural phenomena do not intrude malevolently into the country. Another line which is doing remarkably well is the Leopoldina, the Ordinary stock in which carries £4 10s. per cent. dividend. When this comes off, the price will look tempting, and for a 6 per cent. speculative purchase it is a capital selection. With it might be placed Mexican First Preference, which is *cum* £4, and yields about the same return as Leopoldina. Financial affairs in Mexico are still suffering from last winter's panic in the United States, but Mexican First Preference cannot be called dear at the present price.

Saturday, May 23, 1908.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each month.

COLONEL.—The people you name are simply thieves. You will never get your shares. See this week's Notes.

R. E. A.—Your letter was fully answered on the 20th inst.

GOLLIWOG.—The last word to describe the shares is "a safe investment." Whether they might prove a profitable gamble is another matter. They would not do for our own money.

STAR.—The *Lady's Pictorial* Preference shares at present price are a splendid purchase and yield over 6½ per cent.

A. J. W.—We suggest (1) Central London Deferred (2) B. A. and Pacific Ordinary (3) Mexican Light and Power 5 per cent. bonds for your £600.

VICTIM.—You had better join the reconstruction; it is a fair mining risk.

J. W. M.—We have the greatest faith in the Company's future. Part of the fall has been caused by disputes between the directors, one of whom has resigned. People connected with the management tell us a June dividend will be paid, but we do not expect much before the refinery is in full swing, which won't be before October.

MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

At York, the Flying Dutchman Handicap may go to Sweet Thrush, and the Melrose Handicap to Crow Cup. At Bath, I like Santeve for the Somersetshire Stakes, and Usaa for the Weston Stakes. At Doncaster the Spring Handicap may go to Bim and the Chesterfield Handicap to Reality. The racing at Salisbury should be good; Joyful Bird may win the Salisbury Stakes, Desmond's Pride the City Bowl, Cuffs the Salisbury Cup, and Floridor the Foal Stakes. At Windsor, I like Carntoi for the *Sporting Times* Handicap, and Father Vaughan for the Speedy Two-Year-Old Plate.

THE WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS: RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS.

THE London and North Western Railway Company's very complete list of excursion bookings for the Whitsuntide holidays make it an easy matter for intending travellers to secure facilities enabling them to visit the beauty spots of the United Kingdom or to spend the recess with friends in provincial towns. In the list are included cheap fares to Scotland, Ireland, Central and North Wales, the Isle of Man, the English Lakes, and the Blackpool, Birmingham, Liverpool, and Manchester districts.

The Midland Railway Company's Whitsuntide programme for the guidance of holiday-seekers consists of some forty pages, containing a wealth of information prepared in simple form. An intending passenger can see at a glance the great variety of holiday resorts reached by the Midland line, the period for which tickets are available, the times of the trains, fares, routes, etc. To prevent inconvenience and crowding, the booking-offices at St. Pancras and Moorgate Street Stations will be open for the issue of tickets all day on Friday and Saturday, June 5 and 6. Tickets to all the principal stations on the Midland Railway can be obtained beforehand at the Midland Company's City and suburban offices, and at the offices of Thomas Cook and Son.

An ideal trip for the Whitsuntide Holiday is that announced by the London and South Western Railway to beautiful Brittany, for the week-end. The short journey by rail, to Southampton, the bracing and invigorating sea trip in the magnificent twin-screw S.S. *Vera* and the prospect of a splendid time amid the charms of the quaint French province, added to the fact that the return fare from London is only 17s. 6d., should induce many to take advantage of the exceptional facility afforded for delightfully filling up the short holiday. The train will leave Waterloo at 8.5 p.m. on Saturday, June 6th. For those who may prefer the pleasure of a holiday on terra firma, the London and South Western Company also announce special facilities for Whitsuntide from Waterloo to the principal seaside and inland resorts in Devon and Cornwall, and also to the Sunny South Coast. The corridor, luncheon and dining-car expresses from Waterloo to Ilfracombe, Exeter, Plymouth, North Cornwall, and to Bournemouth, Swanage, Weymouth, Sidmouth, Lyme Regis etc. will be duplicated for the holidays.

One is constantly hearing of the advantages of new routes, the additional speed and comfort of new steamers, and the economy to be effected by new facilities, in order to influence the tourist in making up his mind to visit Erin's Isle, but it has been left to the London and South Western Railway Company and the White Star Line to inaugurate the newest method of journeying from London to Ireland. This includes nothing less than a most delightful trip from Southampton to Queenstown, in the palatial Transatlantic liners of the White

Star Company. The traveller from London to Ireland can, in company with the Transatlantic passengers, join the special boat express leaving Waterloo Station every Wednesday morning, which in less than two hours after will be threading its way through the marvellous network of lines in Southampton Docks. Leaving Southampton Docks about noon, the liner, gliding quickly through the shipping down Southampton Water, passes Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight with their surrounding countless attractions. The journey across the Channel to Cherbourg is fraught with interest, and the French coast town is reached in about five hours. At Cherbourg the passengers from Paris and all parts of the Continent embark, and at about 5 p.m. the vessel leaves direct for Queenstown—a most fascinating voyage of about seven-teen hours, reaching Queenstown Harbour about 10 a.m. on Thursday.

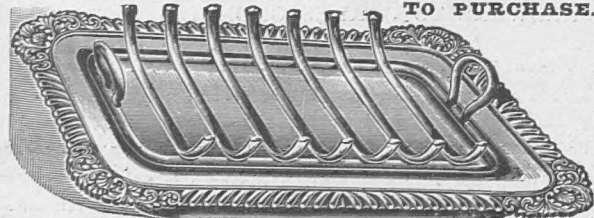
The South-Eastern and Chatham Railway announces that it will issue numerous excursion tickets to Paris, Boulogne, Calais, Paris-Plage, Brussels, the Belgian Ardennes, etc. The home arrangements are very full, and include cheap trips to many popular seaside towns, including St. Leonards, Hastings, Bexhill, Canterbury, Whitstable, Herne Bay, Birchington, Westgate, Margate, Broadstairs, Ramsgate, Sandwich, Deal, Walmer, Dover, Folkestone, Shorncliffe, Hythe, Sandgate, and New Romney (Littlestone-on-Sea). Full particulars of the Continental and home excursions, extensions of time for certain return tickets, alterations in train services, etc., are given in the special holiday programme and bills.

To the thousands who, with flagging energies and jaded nerves, are seeking a change of air this Whitsuntide, the A. B. C. Programme of Excursions just issued by the Great Central Railway Company will be particularly interesting. Within its covers are conveniently tabulated an inexhaustible choice of resorts suitable for all tastes and requirements. Tourist and week-end tickets are obtainable to a large number of places at low fares, and the choice of destination stretches from the Midland counties to the far North of Scotland. Other commendable features of the programme are the frequent day and half-day trips. Full particulars of times of departure, fares, and other necessary information are set forth in this comprehensive programme, which may be obtained free at Marylebone Station, company's suburban stations, town offices and agencies, or from Publicity Department, 216, Marylebone Road, N.W.

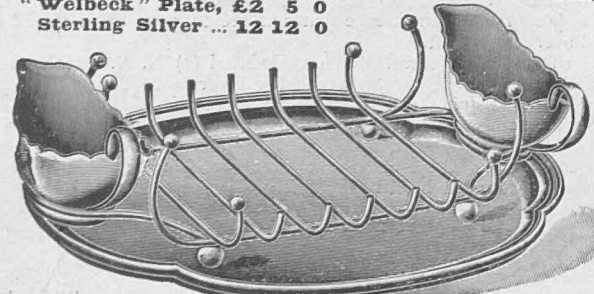
Return tickets at reduced fares, available for eight days, will be issued to Brussels on June 3 to 6 and 8, via Harwich and Antwerp. Passengers leaving London in the evening reach Brussels next morning after a comfortable night's rest on board the steamer. For visiting the Hague, Scheveningen (the Dutch Brighton), and Amsterdam, for the old world cities of the Zuyder Zee, special facilities are offered via the Great Eastern Railway Company's British Royal Mail Harwich—Hook of Holland route. The General Steam Navigation Company's steamers will leave Harwich on Wednesday, June 3, and Saturday, June 6, for Hamburg, returning Sunday, June 7, and Wednesday, June 10.

THE Alexander Clark Manufacturing Company

The COMPANY possesses the finest and choicest stock of Silver and Plated Tableware to be seen anywhere, at exceptionally moderate Prices. Buy direct from the actual makers and save intermediate profits. AN INSPECTION INVITED—NO SOLICITATION TO PURCHASE.



No. 6204. Handsome Mounted Asparagus Dish and Rack, "Welbeck" Plate, £2 5 0 Sterling Silver ... 12 12 0



No. 6675. "Welbeck" Plate Combination Asparagus Dish with Sauce and Butter Boat, £3 15 0 complete. "Welbeck" Plate is guaranteed to wear equal in every way to Solid Silver for over 40 years.

The COMPANY'S handsome and comprehensive Catalogue of all kinds of Silver and Plated Goods, Cutlery, Tableware, Jewellery, Dressing Bags and Cases, including the celebrated "Welbeck" Plate, &c., &c., will be sent post free to any part of the Globe.



No. 2180. Asparagus Servers, "Welbeck" Plate, Pierced Blades (any Fancy Spoon Pattern Handle), 10/- Sterling Silver, £1 15 0

West End Showrooms: 188, OXFORD STREET, W. City Showrooms: 125, FENCHURCH ST., E.C. LONDON

LONDON, BRIGHTON, AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY. PARIS, ROUEN, & DIEPPE AT WHITSUN—

VIA NEWHAVEN. 14-DAY EXCURSIONS. Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, June 4th to 7th, from Victoria, 10 a.m. (First and Second Class), and 8.45 p.m. (First, Second, and Third Class), London Bridge 8.45 p.m. (First, Second and Third Class).

SPECIAL AFTERNOON SERVICE (First, Second, and Third Class) from Victoria, Saturday, June 6th, at 2.15 p.m. Fares, Paris 39s. 3d., 30s. 3d., 26s.; Rouen 35s. 3d., 27s. 3d., 23s. 8d.; Dieppe 32s., 25s., 20s.

DIEPPE.—FRIDAY TO WEDNESDAY.—Cheap Return Tickets from London Bridge and Victoria, Friday, Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, June 5th to 8th. Fares, by Day or Night Service (First and Second Class), 30s., 22s.; by Night Service only (Third Class), 16s.; available for return up to June 10th.

Details of Continental Manager, London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, Victoria.

BRIGHTON & SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.

The quickest and best route to the EPSOM RACES, JUNE 2nd, 3rd, 4th, and 5th.—FAST

AND FREQUENT TRAINS direct to the Epsom Downs (Race-Course Station, near Grand Stand), and Epsom Town from VICTORIA, KENSINGTON (Addison Road), CLAPHAM JUNCTION, and LONDON BRIDGE, on all four days of the Races.

Through Tickets to Epsom Downs via London Bridge from all Stations on the Great Northern and City, and the City and South London Electric Railways.

THROUGH BOOKINGS from principal Stations on the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, Great Central, and Midland Railways. A Special Through Train will run from Willesden at 10.15 a.m. on June 3, Derby Day, and 11.15 a.m. on June 2nd, 4th, and 5th.

THE SPECIAL EXPRESS TICKETS may be obtained on and from May 30 at the Company's Office, 28, Regent Street, which will remain open until 10 p.m. June 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th; also at Hays', 26, Old Bond Street, and 4, Royal Exchange Buildings, and at Cook's, Pickford's, and Myers' Offices.

Details of Superintendent of the Line, L. B. and S. C. R., London Bridge.

MARICH Cigarettes.

The Standard of Luxury in Smoking; made from the purest Turkish Tobacco. Their exquisite qualities satisfy the most critical Tastes.

From H.M.S. Chatham, 13/3/08. "I personally, with the majority of the officers, dislike any cigarette other than 'Marich'."



By special appointment to H.R.H. PRINCE OF WALES and the late DUKE OF EDINBURGH. Supplied to many of the leading Naval & Military Messes and Clubs.

100 sent post free for 6/6. Sample 10 for 1/-

THE FAVOURITE SMOKE. V. MARICH & CO. (MALTA), Dept. S., Billiter Buildings, LONDON, E.C.



For Soft White Hands and Skin.

Icilma Fluor Cream

deliciously perfumed, without oil or grease, is the only ideally perfect skin food. It is the only cream that cleanses the pores, improves the circulation, helps to check the growth of superfluous hair, and leaves the skin healthy and fresh, imparting to it a pearly hue, through which the blue veins are faintly seen.

Icilma Soap

Cleanses admirably, prevents the effects of hard water, sunburn, chilblains, redness, gouty eczema, and irritations, and its silky lather is a revelation.

Fluor Cream, 1s. Soap, 10d.

Send 3d. stamps for samples of Soap and Cream, and art card on "Skin Tone," and full directions for care of the skin.

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